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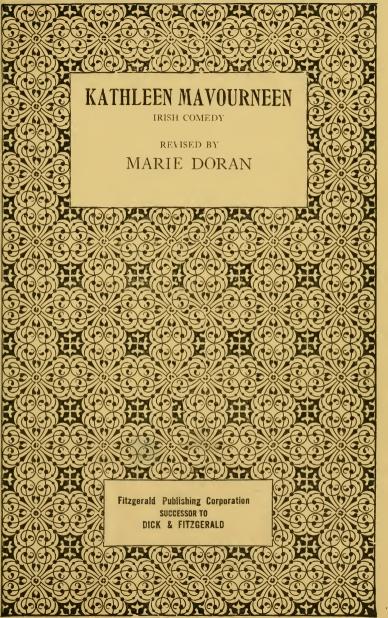












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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORP'N, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

# KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

### A ROMANTIC IRISH DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

This famous drama, revised and rewritten, with new material and full stage directions for production on the professional and amateur stage.

# MARIE DORAN

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## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

#### CHARACTERS

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR	David's daughter
MISS DOROTHY KAVANAGH	The Squire's sister
KITTY O'LAVERTY	
BERNARD KAVANAGH	
Terence O'More	Kathleen's sweetheart
DAVID O'CONNOR	An old Irish farmer
FATHER CASSIDY	The parish priest
BILL BUTTON CAP	
BLACK RODY	
RED BARNEY	
JAILER	

NOTE: By doubling this can be played by six male and three female characters. The doubles which fall naturally are O'Connor and Cassidy; Red Barney and Jailer.

TIME.—See Costumes. Locality.—Ireland.
TIME OF PLAYING.—A full evening.

#### SCENE PLOT

#### ACT I.

Interior of DAVID O'CONNOR'S farmhouse in Ireland. This is a combination kitchen and dining-room in an Irish home. It may be made quaint as circumstances permit. Door in R. flat at back. Door in L. flat down stage. Window in c. of back flat. Ceiling piece if available, if not, use interior borders. Interior backing for

door L. Exterior backing for door R. and window. Wood drop with strip of lake, if available. Large fire-place and fire grate at R., if available.

#### ACT II.

Exterior of Kavanagh's home. Pretty garden exterior. Wood wings. Ripple drop, if available, or wood drop. Foliage borders and foliage or rock pieces to mask in. Entrance to the house is on L., indicated only by two or three broad steps, with balustrade. Set for a terrace effect. Entrances clear.

#### ACT III.

Same scene as ACT II. The curtain will be lowered for two minutes between Scenes I and II, to denote passing of time.

#### ACT IV.

Same scene as ACT I.

### COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

This drama is a romance and tells the story of a dream.

It affords ample opportunity for variation.

The characters may dress in quaint Irish costumes of any period, not too ancient, or they may dress in the costumes of to-day. In either case they should be as picturesque as possible, especially the costumes worn by Kathleen.

Kathleen. Act I.—She can wear tuck-up of flowered material, with old garden hat. Act II.—Pale and despondent, in sharp contrast to her former gay manner. She wears a pretty garden dress of white. Act III, Scene I.—The same, or change. Scene II.—Subdued, probably gray. Act IV.—Exactly as she was dressed at end of Act I.

KITTY. A maid's costume, simple but pretty. Cape and veil or scarf for ACT III. ACT IV. Light, pretty dress.

DOROTHY. Speaks in good English. Handsomely dressed all through.

RODY. Is a repulsive-looking ruffian in shabby clothes; coarse manners; his brogue is thick and harsh. He keeps his cap on and puffs a pipe.

BILL. A country youth. The scenes in which BILL figures are broad comedy; they should be played with

as much comedy effect as possible.

The men's costumes depend upon the period of the play and it remains with them to harmonize. If a costume period is adopted wigs will be necessary. The play very clearly indicates the time of day and appropriate dressing.

#### PROPERTIES

#### ACT I

Rag carpet or rag rugs on floor. Kitchen furniture, consisting of a medium-sized oval table, cupboard, kitchen chairs, arm-chair and a good-sized wooden bench with a back. Two pillows with faded covers on bench. Small stand with a plant in bloom in window. Neat cover on table. Have on cupboard ready to use, two plates, two cups and saucers, two tea spoons, sugar spoon, sugar bowl with sugar, cream pitcher containing cream. Have on table an earthen pitcher filled with clean water, three tumblers, and a glass towel. Neat curtain across window. Red glow in fireplace. O'Connor's cap on cupboard.

Neat small white apron, small bunch of wild flowers and a sprig of shamrock, and a tray containing a small plate of cakes and a pot of tea ready to serve, for

KATHLEEN.

Red cloak for Dorothy.

Letter, diamond ring in sealed envelope, pipe, and a flask of whiskey for O'Connor.

Bird whistle off R.

#### ACT II

Rustic garden furniture, consisting of table, two or more chairs, settee, any other garden furniture available, such as urns, statuary, etc.

Bound book on table for KATHLEEN.

Cigar (to smoke) and letter in envelope for Kav-ANAGH.

Large dark shawl for Kitty. This must be large enough to cover Bill Button Cap.

Paper (marriage certificate) for Father Cassidy.

Pipe and tobacco for BLACK RODY.

#### ACT III

Scene I.—Purse (pocket-book to open easily) containing eight or ten English notes, for Kayanagh.

Spade and pick, coins, and knife (this should be of

good size) for Rody.

Spade and pick, and large flask of whiskey for BARNEY.

Box with plenty of fresh earth, off R.

Scene II.—Two guns for guards.

Handcuffs, with good length of chain, for Terence. Organ, or phonograph with organ record, to play off R., also a bell to toll off R.

#### ACT IV

Small prayer book for KITTY. Letter and ring (of ACT I) for KATHLEEN. Bird whistle off R.

#### STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right-hand; L. left-hand; C. center of the stage; R. C. right of center; L. C. left of center; UP, toward rear of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights; D. R., door right; D. L., door left.

# KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

#### ACT I

Scene.—Kitchen of the O'Connor home in Ireland. Door in R. flat at back. Window C. at back with a neat curtain drawn across. Door L. DOWN stage. Interior backing at L. door, outside window and door UP R. a view of the garden and a strip of lake, if available. Place a large open fireplace DOWN R. with cheery fire, if available. An old arm-chair in front of fireplace. Oval table with neat cover DOWN stage L. of center. Kitchen chairs R. and L. of table. Down R. a good-sized bench with a back; two or three cushions on bench. A cupboard with dishes and utensils between window and door UP R. Floor may be covered with rag carpet or rag rugs, one in front of bench. Pitcher, glasses and towel on table. Neat white apron for Kathleen on back of a chair. O'CONNOR'S cap on cupboard. Small stand with a plant in bloom at window or on window sill. LIGHTS ON FULL. DISCOVERED DAVID O'CONNOR, standing R. of table polishing a tumbler

NOTE.—Bernard Kavanagh and Dorothy speak in good English; all other characters in varying degrees of Irish brogue.

O'CONNOR (puffing his pipe and scrutinizing the tumbler). Begorra! I wonder who washed this goblet

in soap suds! 'Tis a foine job they made o' it. (Calling) Kathleen (Looking around) Where the divil is Kathleen? Are ye standin' outside waggin' yer tongue whin ye should be afther cleanin' up afore his honor comes? (Kathleen is heard outside d. R., singing a snatch of an Irish song) Are ye comin', or are ye not? (Facing door)

ENTER Kathleen D. R., singing and carrying a small bunch of wild flowers with a sprig of shamrock.

KATHLEEN. Yis, father, I'm here—as fast as me feet'll fetch me—were ye lookin' for me? (Advancing to c.)

O'CONNOR (advancing, polishing the goblet). I was

-d'ye moind it's Saint Patrick's Eve?

KATHLEEN. I know that.

O'CONNOR. Thin if ye do, ye know that Squire Kavanagh may drop in, an' a bit of a tidin' up ye should be doin'!

Kathleen. Glory! Are ye expectin' his honor? (Taking off her hat and tossing it on bench R. C.) Maybe his sister, Miss Dorothy 'll be comin' along wid him! (XING hastily to table L., arranging chair at table)

O'CONNOR (C., facing KATHLEEN). What have ye in

the house to drink?

KATHLEEN. Drink? (Picking up pitcher from table)

Spring water—I pumped it meself.

O'CONNOR. Water? (In disgust) Do ye think his lordship'll be afther wantin' thet tasteless stuff? (A step to R. C., rubbing the tumbler vigorously)

KATHLEEN. Well, thin, I have milk-

O'CONNOR (comic indignation). Milk, is it? for a man six feet in his stockings! Be gob! 'tis an insult to spake of it! (Blowing on the goblet and polishing it recklessly)

KATHLEEN (advancing a step). Well, thin, I have

tay\_\_\_\_

O'CONNOR. Tay! (Highly indignant) Tay! It's

losin' yer sinses ye are-an' mighty little ye have to

spare. (Advancing a step toward KATHLEEN)

Kathleen (advancing, laughing as she pats O'Connor on the arm). Shame on ye, father—'tis no strong drink ye'll get, nor his honor. Didn't Father Cassidy preach ye a sermon on the evils of intimperance?

O'CONNOR (comic evasion). I niver heard a word

of it!

KATHLEEN. Ye were snorin' whin he said it, an' everybody in the church lookin' at ye! (Laughing as she turns up to cupboard where she leaves her flowers) Would ye like a bit o' shamrock to put in yer coat, father? (Taking a sprig from the bouquet and advancing DOWN to R. of C.)

O'CONNOR. I would not. (XING to table, where he leaves goblet and towel) I'd like something strong to wet me whistle. (Advancing to c. a step) Begorra! if I can't get it inside me own house, I know where I

can get it outside! (Turning toward D. R.)

Kathleen. Ye'll meet Father Cassidy in the lane—I was just talkin' to him, and he asked me if ye were keepin' sober. (Laughing as she pins the shamrock in her dress) Ye'd better stay, father, and have some of the beautiful tay that cost siven shillings a pound—and I baked some cakes that'll make ye thirsty—for tay! (Laughing as she xes to table L. c., taking the apron from chair and putting it on. Then she folds the towel neatly and draws the goblets out of the way)

O'CONNOR (disconcerted and a bit irritated, standing near d. R., rubs his head and looks at Kathleen) Are ye shure Father Cassidy is out beyont? (Jerking his

thumb toward outside)

Kathleen. I am. Better stay where ye are or his Riverence'll be orderin' ye to church to pray for yer sins! (O'Connor sighs dolefully and goes down near fireplace)

KAVANAGH (off R.) Here, boy, hold the reins-care-

ful! That horse is skittish!

KATHLEEN. Father! There's the Squire! (Turning

quickly toward window) And Miss Dorothy with him! But she's the foine lady that knows all about parties and balls—and I niver was to one in me whole life! (Dancing a step or two down c.) Oh, my, how do I look for sich illigant folks! Straighten yer collar, father! (O'Connor jerks collar around) Brush yer hair! (O'Connor rumples his hair) And stand up straight! (O'Connor straightens in extravagant manner, Kathleen imitating) And spake as civil as yer tongue will let ye!

ENTER Bernard Kavanagh d. R., followed by Dorothy Kavanagh; she carries a long red cloak over her arm.

O'CONNOR (bowing awkwardly). Yer honor.

KATHLEEN (L. of C., bowing to DOROTHY). Your ladyship. (O'CONNOR repeats the action of straightening his collar and brushing his hair, making matters worse)

KAVANAGH (advancing to c.). Thank you; nothing gives me more pleasure than visiting my tenants—especially when they have pretty daughters. (Bowing to

KATHLEEN)

KATHLEEN (bowing bashfully). Oh, your honor!

DOROTHY (DOWN C.). And this is Kathleen! (Looking at her critically) Quite a blooming young woman! KATHLEEN. Bloomin, ma'am—like a cabbage!

KAVANAGH. Like a rose! (Bowing to KATHLEEN)
KATHLEEN. Oh, Squire! you're teasin' me! (Laugh-

ing)

KAVANAGH. Indeed, I am in earnest. (Advancing a step) Won't you give me that sprig of shamrock you are wearing next your heart?

Kathleen. 'Tis not me heart—'tis me chist, an' I'll be after keepin' it if your lordship don't mind. (Re-

treating a step)

DOROTHY (her manner affected). The roads are abominably dusty. (To Kathleen) I would like to

wash my hands if you will be good enough to show me

to an apartment.

KATHLEEN (puzzled). Apartment, is it? Faith, I have none, but there's a room in there—(Indicating L.)—as clean as a pin. I scrubbed it meself. Will your ladyship come in? (Advancing to D. L.)

DOROTHY. Thank you. (Advancing. As she passes the chair at table L. she leaves the cloak on back of chair,

then continues to D. L.)

Kathleen (at d. L.). Go right in, ma'am—ye'll find water in the pitcher, soap in the dish, and a clean towel on the rack.

DOROTHY. Quite a housekeeper for so young a girl.

[EXIT D. L.

KATHLEEN. Yis, ma'am—I've had to work all me life. (Advancing to L. C.)

KAVANAGH (C.) Is that so? Not much time for en-

joyment?

KATHLEEN. No, sir—me poor mother died whin I was a wee bit of a baby—me father's been takin' care o' me since I could talk, and now I'm takin' care o' him!

O'CONNOR (R. above fireplace). Kathleen is a good

child-may the saints bless her.

KAVANAGH. I am glad to hear it.

Kathleen. Will your lordship have something to drink? (Turning to table L., lifting pitcher of water)

KAVANAGH. Yes, I would like a glass of whiskey.

KATHLEEN. Whiskey! Here it is! (Filling glass with water)

KAVANAGH. That looks like water!

KATHLEEN. And it tastes like water. (Extending glass) 'Tis nature's own prescription, good for man and beast!

KAVANAGH. Well, I don't care much for it, but from your hand—(Taking glass)—it will taste like the nectar of the gods! (Bowing as he takes a sip of water)

KATHLEEN. Will it now! Sure, I wish I could talk like that—nectar of the gods! (Laughing) Can you

buy it?

KAVANAGH (laughing). No—it is only a figure of

speech, complimentary, of course.

KATHLEEN (puzzled). Complimentary—I know! Like a free ticket to a Punch and Judy show. (KAVANAGH laughs as he gives her the goblet) Will ye have some more? (Taking glass, still full of water)

KAVANAGH. No, thank you. If your father is not busy, I want to show him some work I would like to

have him superintend across the field.

O'CONNOR. At your service, Squire. (Turning UP

to door)

KATHLEEN. Here, father, take your cap and put it on, so ye won't get freekles on top of your head. (*Picking up the cap from cupboard*, she puts it on O'Connor's head, backwards)

O'CONNOR. Go on wid ye—freckels on top o' me head! (Straightening his cap) I'm ready, your lordship.

EXIT D. R.

KATHLEEN (to KAVANAGH). Me father's that tryin',

he's like a baby!

KAVANAGH. Kathleen, there is something I want to speak to you about—— (Advancing, about to take her hand) I want to tell you——

#### ENTER DOROTHY D. L.

KATHLEEN. Here's your sister. (XING a step, facing DOROTHY. KAVANAGH turns a step up toward door. To DOROTHY) Is there anything more ye'd like to have, ma'am?

DOROTHY. If it is not too much trouble, I would

like a cup of tea. (Advancing to R. of table)

KATHLEEN. Yis, your ladyship, ye shall have a keg o' it. (XING quickly to D. L.) Make yourself comfortable and I'll be back in a twinkle.

[EXIT running d. l. Kavanagh. What a delightful girl she is! (Looking after Kathleen) For the first time in my life, I feel timid in the presence of this rustic beauty.

DOROTHY. Don't lose your head, brother; remember the difference in your station and hers. (Around in

front of table to L. of table, seating herself)

KAVANAGH. One may amuse oneself without being taken seriously. (Advancing to D. R.) I will leave you to your tea and the charming society of Kathleen.

[EXIT D. R.

RE-ENTER KATHLEEN from D. L., carrying small tray with tea pot, tea ready to drink, and plate of cakes.

KATHLEEN. I hope you're not dyin' o' the hunger, ma'am. (Advancing to table L. where she places the tray) And if ye are, ye can make up for it—look at that! (Lifting plate of cakes from tray) I made thim with me own hands, and they'll melt in your mouth!

DOROTHY. They look tempting.

KATHLEEN. 'Tis the kind o' timptation that's good

for ye. Try it! (Extending cakes to Dorothy)
Dorothy. Thank you. (Taking cake and eating it) KATHLEEN. Wait a bit, I'll fetch ye a plate. (Leaving cakes on table near Dorothy, she turns quickly to

cupboard and brings to table a plate and the sugar bowl, placing the plate before DOROTHY) I had no idy your ladyship was comin', or sure I would have everything ready on the table! Do you like it strong? (Looking in tea spot, then going quickly to cupboard, bringing to table a cup and saucer, spoons and cream)

DOROTHY: Yes, rather!

KATHLEEN (imitating Dorothy's affected manner of speech). Rather-rather- Oh, I can't say that at

all at all! (Laughing)

DOROTHY (repeating). Rather—it quiets my nerves. KATHLEEN. Nerves, is it? (Pouring tea for Dorothy) Something I niver had. Terry says 'tis only rich folks that has nerves, and it's due to their fast way o' livin'askin' your ladyship's pardon!

DOROTHY. Who is Terry? (Sipping her tea)

KATHLEEN (innocent surprise). Don't vou know

Terry? Have some sugar. (Passing sugar bowl) And ye don't know Terry! Have some cream. (Passing cream pitcher) I thought everybody knew Terry! Have another cake. (Passing plate of cakes. Dorothy has put sugar and cream in her tea and finished her first cake. She takes another and eats it) Terry? Sure, Terry's Terence O'More—he bothers the soul o' me with his blarney—faith, your brother has a taste o' it on the tip o' his tongue. Have some more tay, will ye, ma'am? (Pouring tea in Dorothy's cup)

DOROTHY. How did you learn the art of making such

perfect tea? (Drinking)

KATHLEEN. It comes as natural as measles comes to the pigs. Have some more sugar. (Putting heaping

spoonful in Dorothy's tea)

DOROTHY. Thank you—I don't care for it very sweet. KATHLEEN. Neither do I—five or six spoons is all I can stand. (Putting more sugar in tea) Have another cake. (Passing cakes. DOROTHY takes one and eats it) DOROTHY. Are you going to take a cup, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN. Glory, ma'am! I niver could eat at the same table with your ladyship. (Dorothy looks at her in sharp surprise) I mane—I'm not good enough. Have some more cream. (Pouring cream in Dorothy's cup)

DOROTHY. Thanks, just a little.

Kathleen. Don't be bashful, ma'am—help yourself. (Offering cake again)

DOROTHY. I really don't think I can eat any more.

(Taking cake, eating)

KATHLEEN. I can see ye have a poor appetite—a little more tea, ma'am? (Pouring tea) Be the time ye drink eight or ten cups, ye'll feel fine.

DOROTHY. I insist upon you drinking with me.

KATHLEEN. Do ye? That's kind o' ye. (Going to cupboard, bringing to table another cup and saucer) A fine lady like ye to be invitin' me to tea—it's like a fairy story. (At R. of table, pouring tea for herself) Faith, your ladyship's life must be like that—nothing to

do but amuse yourself. (She sits R. of table, absentmindedly putting a great deal of sugar in her cup as she continues to talk in lively fashion; she stirs tea, but does not drink it)

DOROTHY. Amusing oneself may be quite as tiresome

as work.

KATHLEEN. I niver get tired o' work, and I don't think I'd get tired amusin' meself-would your ladyship tell me some of the ways?

DOROTHY. First, I awake in the morning.

KATHLEEN. That's the very thing I do meself!

DOROTHY. Then, I collect my faculties. KATHLEEN (puzzled). Your what?

DOROTHY. Faculties.

KATHLEEN (bewildered). Oh! that must be hard work! Have another drop. (Pouring tea in Dorothy's cup)

DOROTHY. A life of ease is very delightful—up to a certain point, and then—(Affectation)—it bores one!

KATHLEEN. Does it now! (Imitating in affected manner) It bores one! (Laughing) It would never bore me to be singin' and dancin' and enjoyin' meself the whole day long. . . . Have another cake-you're not eatin' anything at all at all. (Passing cakes. Dor-OTHY takes the cake and eats) And after ye wake up and collect your-your-what was that ye were collectin'?

DOROTHY. Faculties.

KATHLEEN. That's it—what do ve do next? DOROTHY. Ring for my maid, who dresses me.

KATHLEEN (looking at her in astonishment). Dresses ye? Glory be to the angels! can't ye dress yourself?

DOROTHY. No fashionable lady dresses herself.

KATHLEEN. I forgot-you're a fashionable lady-(Laughing)—and I'm not. So I pull on me stockings and me shoes, and twist up me hair, and say me prayers —faith, who says your prayers for ye?

DOROTHY. Prayers? I always say them myself.

(With pride) And I wash my own face and hands!

Kathleen. Do ye! Ain't that killin'! Have another cup. (*Pouring tea*) Ye must be wore out with so much exercise.

DOROTHY. Then I go to the breakfast room—

Kathleen. I suppose ye have no appetite for eatin'? Dorothy. Very little. (Drinking tea and eating cake)

KATHLEEN. I wonder what's the matter with this tay? I can't get enough sugar in it. (Putting in more

sugar)

Dorothy. Then I read a little, embroider a little, play the piano——

KATHLEEN. A little-

Dorothy. Next, I drive, pay visits, return home, dress for dinner, drive, undress, and dress again for the evening.

Kathleen. Arrah, ye seem to be doin' nothin' but dress an' undress—hooks and eyes, and eyes and hooks from mornin' till night. Ye must have a lot o' dresses?

DOROTHY. Dozens!

Kathleen (astonished). Dozens o' dresses! And me with only this to me back, and a plain white one to wear to church on Sundays and feast days! (Rising) I wish I could live like your ladyship! I'd go to a ball every evenin', and dance till midnight! (Dancing a few steps)

DOROTHY. You must not get foolish notions, Kath-

leen. (Rising)

KATHLEEN (C.). Ye may call it foolish, ma'am, but I do be wishin' an' wishin' for a big house an' dresses, an' satin slippers with bows on them!

#### ENTER KAVANAGH D. R.

DOROTHY (light laugh). Satin slippers with bows! (Advancing DOWN in front of table)

Kathleen. And roses in me hair and a gold chain on me neck and a bracelet! Oh! wouldn't I love it!

KAVANAGH. Roses in your hair—— (Advancing DOWN to R. of C.)

KATHLEEN (observing KAVANAGH). Oh-it's the Squire. I niver saw him!

KAVANAGH (smiling at KATHLEEN). And a gold

chain--!

KATHLEEN. Don't be laughin' at me sir—I was only talking foolish. (XING to table picking up some dishes)

DOROTHY (XING to C., facing KAVANAGH). Kathleen

fancies she would like to be a lady.

Kathleen. It's me own nonsense, that's all. (Going to cupboard with dishes and leaving them there)

KAVANAGH. It is not foolish—it would certainly be an easy matter to make a lady of you, pretty Kathleen. (Bowing gallantly)

Kathleen (turning to him). Be the powers! your

honor has a fine gift o' blarney!

KAVANAGH. I am in earnest.

DOROTHY (rather shrewdly). I am ready to go, brother. (To Kathleen—

KATHLEEN (advancing DOWN to L. above table). Yis,

ma'am?

DOROTHY. I have no satin slippers to give you, but I will leave you this cloak. (Indicating cloak on back of chair at table) It is a present for you for the tea and your attention.

KATHLEEN (delighted). A present! This beautiful cloak! (Taking it carefully from chair back) For me?

(Opening and admiring the cloak)

DOROTHY. For you—take good care of it—it was very

expensive; it may bring you good luck.

KATHLEEN. Oh, ma'am. I'm not deservin' of it— I'm only a poor farmer's daughter, and I'd look too grand in that,—the beauty!

KAVANAGH. Nonsense, Kathleen—wear it—it will

suit you admirably.

KATHLEEN. I thank ye, both o' ye, and every time I wear it to church, I'll say a prayer for ye.

DOROTHY. Come, Bernard. (Turning D. R.) Goodbye, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN. Good-bye, ma'am, and thank ye a thou-

sand times! (To KAVANAGH) Good-bye, your honor. (This is a careless good-bye to KAVANAGH, and KATH-LEEN turns away, her whole attention on the cloak)

KAVANAGH. Farmer O'Connor will drive you home, Dorothy. I have a little more business to attend to here.

(Glancing at Kathleen)

DOROTHY (in doorway, rather sharp). Indeed! I hope it is business, and not sentimental foolishness.

[EXIT D. R.

Kathleen (absorbed in admiring the cloak). Faith, it's too beautiful to wear by the loikes o' me!

KAVANAGH. You underestimate your charms, Kath-

leen.

Kathleen (looking up in surprise). Glory! I thought I was talkin' to meself. Good-bye, sir, good-bye. (In pantomime, a careless gesture as if shaking hands with him, then she carefully folds the cloak, and advances up stage with it, greatly pleased)

KAVANAGH (light laugh). You seem in a hurry to

get rid of me.

KATHLEEN (UP C.). D'ye think so, your honor?

KAVANAGH. Don't call me "your honor."

KATHLEEN. Why not? Ain't ye the Squire, owner o' all the land, and the houses, and horses, and cats and dogs? (Continuing to fold the cloak very carefully)

KAVANAGH. But I want you to forget that, and be

friends.

KATHLEEN. Sure, I'm your friend, Squire—why wouldn't I be after gettin' a present like this? (Affectionately patting the cloak)

KAVANAGH. I heard you say you wanted to be a lady,

and I want to help you realize your ambition.

Kathleen (looking at him in surprise). Do ye? (Advancing down to bench R. C., passing Kavanagh) I don't think ye can. (Laying the cloak carefully on bench)

KAVANAGH (C., facing KATHLEEN). Why not?

KATHLEEN (sitting beside cloak on bench). Bekase, I can get up in the mornin' without anyone helpin' me;

me hair niver wants curlin'—I twist it in a bunch on top o' me head. (Twisting up her curls) I have no time for readin' and drivin'—an' sure, nothin' to drive but an old goat! (Laughing) An' as for dressin' an' undressin', I've nothin' to be dressin' in! (Laughing) So ye see, I could niver be a lady! (Looking at the cloak admiringly)

KAVANAGH. It's easy to buy dresess-

KATHLEEN. Is it? (Rising) Maybe it is for you—and that's not all—look at me hands. (Advancing with both hands extended) They're red where they ought to be white, and there's a bit of a wart on me thumb! (Indicating, with a laugh)

KAVANAGH. That could be removed. (Attempting to

take her hand)

KATHLEEN. Could it—with a knife! (Putting her hands behind her back) I don't want to be cut up while I'm livin'!

KAVANAGH. Those hands would grow white when they cease to work—you would learn elegance and poise, and those beautiful curls would be held by a coronet of jewels!

Kathleen (delighted). Glory be to the saints! What would Maggie Mulcahey say if she saw me dressed

like that! (Laughing)

KAVANAGH. Instead of that homely dress, you would have a robe of silk and velvet!

KATHLEEN. Silk and velvet! Sure I'd want more than one dress!

KAVANAGH. As many as you could wish, fair Kathleen!

Kathleen (advancing a step nearer). And would they be trimmed with ribbons, and lace and buttons?

KAVANAGH. Ribbons, and lace and buttons—yards and yards!

KATHLEEN. Yards and yards of buttons! That would look funny! (Laughing)

KAVANAGH. I want you to listen seriously, Kathleen.

This hand—(Taking her hand)—this little hand would

wear a diamond ring on every finger-

Kathleen. Oh, Squire, ye're bamboozlin' me, ye are. (Drawing away, he retains her hand, as she laughs heartily) What would I do with diamond rings on me fingers—in the wash tub!

KAVANAGH. There would be no more wash tub for

you, lovely Kathleen!

KATHLEEN. I'll, ye'll excuse me, sir, I'd like to get the loan o' me hand—(Looking at the hands he holds)—I want to scratch me nose! (KAVANAGH, with a light laugh, reluctantly releases her hand) Ye know, this reminds me of what old Meg Marlogh said—she tells fine fortunes, and they ginerally come true.

KAVANAGH. What did she tell you, sweet Kathleen? KATHLEEN. She told me I'm to be a foin lady some day, and marry a rich gentleman, and live in a house

as big as a church!

KAVANAGH. She was a true prophet—it is your destiny.

KATHLEEN. I don't think so (XING slowly to

L. C.)

KAVANAGH. Why not? (Advancing a step to her)

Kathleen. Bekase, Terry may be a gintleman, though he don't look it, and he's not rich.

KAVANAGH. Terry—Terry who?

KATHLEEN. No, no, not Terry who—Terry O'More. If I was to marry anyone else it would break his heart. (Xing to L. of table, moving the dishes to a pile)

KAVANAGH. I suppose Terry is a rustic nobody. (A

step away)

KATHLEEN. Don't be sayin' that, Squire, when his back's turned.

KAVANAGH. You are not in a receptive mood, lovely Kathleen.

KATHLEEN. Faith, I'm gettin' all mixed with your big words—maybe ye better not talk so much—will ye have a cup o' tay?

KAYANAGH. No-but since you never seem inclined to listen to me I have written you a letter.

KATHLEEN. Go on with your letter.

KAVANAGH (taking letter from his pocket). I shall expect you to send me a prompt reply.

KATHLEEN. I will—if I can read your writin'.

As DOROTHY RE-ENTERS D. R. KAVANAGH quickly returns letter to his pocket.

DOROTHY. Bernard, you must drive me home—the horses will run away with Farmer O'Connor, and we will both be killed. Don't keep me waiting.

EXIT D. R.

KAVANAGH. I will go. Good-bye, Kathleen. (Advancing to c.) Won't you give me your hand? (Extending his hand)

KATHLEEN (with dishes in both hands). I would, sir, only I have but the two, and they're both runnin' over.

KAVANAGH. Remember, answer the letter, and if you are wise, you may soon become a lady. (Going to D. R.) Good-bye, angelic Kathleen. (Bowing to her)

[EXIT D. R.

KATHLEEN. Good-bye, sir. (Placing dishes on table again) Angelic, is it? If he was to see me milkin' the ould black cow, he wouldn't be afther callin' me an angel! (Advancing to below table) My, but that man has the honey on his tongue! (Advancing to c.) What's this he called me? "Sweet Kathleen." "Lovely Kathleen." "Beautiful Kathleen!" (Laughing) Go 'long wid ye! I wonder if I'm all that—Terry niver said so to me! (Her eyes fall on the cloak) Me cloak! (Regarding it in delight) Me beautiful cloak! (Begin to work lights down to sunset, and change to moonlight. Kathleen picks up cloak) It'll be afther turnin' me brain! (She opens the cloak, admiring it) Faith, I don't know how I'll look in it, but I'd be feelin' mighty ginteel. (Throwing the cloak about her, and moving about in affected manner) Wouldn't I look grand at the county ball, arm in arm with Terry! The lads would be eyein' me, and the biddies would be ravin'

jealous. (Laughing) Whin I'd come in the big door, they'd all be makin' a bow—(Bowing)—and sayin'— "Good even' to ye, Miss O'Connor, sure it's like a queen ve are this evenin'!" "Don't I know it?" I say. (Draping the cloak about her waist and trailing about in affected manner) Thin one o' thim would say, "How are ye?" And I'd look at thim like Miss Dorothy— (Much affected)—"I'm well, thank ye, only me narves, me narves." (Laughing heartily) That would drive thim crazy, together with the iligence of me movements! (She stumbles over the cloak, awkwardly, and comes near falling) Oh my, oh my! What's the matter with your feet. Kathleen O'Connor? (Brushing the cloak) Ye walk like an iliphant!

## ENTER DAVID O'CONNOR D. R., carrying a letter

O'CONNOR. Are ye there, Kathleen?

KATHLEEN. I am. (Turning to O'CONNOR)

O'CONNOR (advancing). Here's a letter for ye—the Squire tould me to give it to ye, and for ye to take it

serious. (Giving letter to KATHLEEN)

KATHLEEN. Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't. (Taking letter) Will ye be afther throwin' a log o' wood on the fire, father, while I read me letter. (Inspecting it closely)

O'CONNOR (XING toward D. L.). I will. (Drawing small flask from his pocket) And that's not all I'll be doin', do ye moind. (Putting the flask to his lips and

taking a good drink)

KATHLEEN (observing O'CONNOR). Oh, father, I'm

ashamed o'ye. (To r. c.)
O'Connor. I'm ashamed o' meself, and that's what drove me to it! [EXIT D. L., winking and laughing

KATHLEEN. Faith, there's somethin' inside beside writin'! (Feeling the letter as she advances to in front of bench R. C. She throws the cloak about her shoulders) I wonder what it is? (Seating herself R. C. and opening letter) It's somethin' hard like- (Ring drops from the envelope) Be Saint Patrick, whose even it is—a ring! (Admiring it) Oh, how it sparkles! I suppose this is to go on all me fingers, one at a time. (Putting it on her finger) Oh my! will ye look at that! I'll have to be tyin' a string on it or it'll drop in the butter whin I churn! What does he say in the letter? (Reading letter) "Beautiful Kathleen"—there he goes again! "I write to say to you the words you would not let me speak—I love you." What's this? (Repeating) "I love you—be my wife, and you will have fortune, position, and happiness showered upon ye. Your devoted lover, Bernard Kavanagh—to this I long to add the name, husband. I will pass your door tomorrow. Wait for me, and tell me with your own lips that you will be mine!'' (Astonished) Be all the saints! Am I dreamin' or crazy? (Terence heard off stage singing a snatch of an Irish song) I never read anything like that! (Admiring ring) And I niver had anything like that! (Repeating) "Be mine, ye shall have fortune, happiness—" I don't think I'm awake at all—let me read it again. (Absorbed in letter)

#### ENTER TERENCE O'MORE D. R.

Terence. Kathleen Mavourneen, where are ye, darlin'? (Observes her down R. Kathleen remains absorbed in letter, unaware of Terence's presence. He does not see the letter) Ah, there she is, as quiet as a mouse—somethin' unusual for a woman. (Advancing a step)

Kathleen (regarding letter). I can't get it through

me head.

TERENCE (listening). What's that she's sayin'? KATHLEEN (repeating). Beautiful Kathleen!

TERENCE. Beautiful Kathleen! She's asleep and thinks I'm talkin' to her. (Advancing a step noise-lessly)

KATHLEEN (repeating from letter). Let me say-I

love ye.

Terence. I know she's talkin' about me. (Nodding approval)

KATHLEEN (same action). I write to say-be me

wife-

TERETIE. Sure I don't have to write a letter to say that!

KATHLEEN (same action). You will have fortune, po-

sition and happiness showered upon you!

TERENCE (puzzled). Fortune, is it? I wonder where I'll get it? I don't remimber promisin' that. (Advancing a step)

KATHLEEN. Your devoted lover—

TERENCE. That's me, an' well the darlin' knows it!

KATHLEEN. Tell me with your own lips, ye'll be mine!

Terence. Faith, I can't stand here and listen to this. (In loud tone) Kathleen, me own Kathleen Mavourneen!

Kathleen (rising quickly, turning, facing Terence). Terry O'More—is it you, comin' to scare me out o' me wits!

TERENCE. Come to me arms and ye'll be easy! (Laughing) Ye were asleep an' talkin' of me, darlin'!

Kathleen. Was I? (In alarm) Oh, murther! What did I say—who was I talkin' about? (Turning a step aside, hurriedly concealing the letter in her dress)

TERENCE. Meself, and the letter I sint ye—I mane the

letter you were dreamin' I sint ye.

KATHLEEN. It's clear out o' me sinses I am!

TERENCE. Ye needn't bother your brains bekase I'm here to talk for meself, and you're not asleep, but your blue eyes are as wide open as a church door.

Kathleen. 'Tis chilly I am with the door open—I'll put on me cloak. (Drawing the cloak about her, eyeing Terence coquettishly)

TERENCE (C. surveying her in astonishment). Peppy, the piper! what's that?

KATHLEEN. Ain't it me cloak?

TERENCE. 'Tis not the one ye've been wearin' for the

last four years.

KATHLEEN. Of course it's not—it's me new one—the Squire and his sister were afther payin' us a visit, and Miss Dorothy gave me the cloak for a present, bekase I gave her six cups of tay, and eight or nine or ten cakes.

TERENCE. Be gob, it's worth it! Ye look uncommon beautiful in that, darlin'! Whin I take ye out walkin'

in that cloak, ha, ha! I'll be proud o' ye!

KATHLEEN. Will ye sit down, Terry? (Seating her-

self on R. end of bench)

TERENCE. I will. (XING to bench R. C. he sits beside KATHLEEN) And as I'm a bit chilly, I'll trouble ye for a bit o' the cloak. (He draws one end about him, and one arm about KATHLEEN)

KATHLEEN. Don't tear it.

TERENCE. I'm not, darlin'—I want to tell ye a bit o' me mind, so put your head on me shoulder and listen.

KATHLEEN. I can listen better this way. (Sitting

erect)

TERENCE. It's an enchantress ye are, Kathleen Mavourneen—I forget all I'm plannin' to say whin I look at ye.

Kathleen. Arrah, then don't look at me—take me

hand instead. (Giving him her left hand)

TERENCE. 'Tis a soft hand ye have, me darlin'. (Taking her hand)

KATHLEEN. Do ye think so, Terry?

TERENCE (feeling ring). What's this? Is it a corn ye have comin' on your finger?

KATHLEEN. Glory be! I forgot, it's me ring!

Terence (observing ring). A ring, wid a piece o' glass in it!

KATHLEEN. It's a ring and a rale diamond!

TERENCE. A diamond! (Astonished) Who'd be afther givin' ye a diamond ring?

KATHLEEN. Ye'll niver guess. (Light laugh)

TERENCE. I'll not try.

KATHLEEN. The Squire!

Terence (astonished). Squire Kavanagh!

KATHLEEN. Himself!

Terence. Indeed! well that's mighty kind o' him—he niver gave wan to me.

KATHLEEN (laughing). How would ye look in a dia-

mond ring, Terry?

TERENCE. Let me see. (Drawing ring from her finger) Sure it fits like a thimble! (Putting it on the tip of his finger) It's all on top bedad! It looks like a bunch o' ribbons on a pig's tail—a bit out o' place!

KATHLEEN. Isn't it beautiful, Terence? (Taking

ring, admiring it)

Terence. I'm not in the humor o' payin' compliments to the Squire's present.

KATHLEEN. Are ye jealous, Terry? (Laughing)

TERENCE. Well, I'm not expressin' meself. Now I'll tell ye what I was goin' to say to ye. I've been thinkin', Kathleen, that it's mighty dull to be leadin' a bachelor's life—I've had enough o' it, and I think you have.

Kathleen. Don't be callin' a lady a bachelor.

TERENCE. You're not a lady, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN (sharply). What are ye sayin', Terry O'More?

TERENCE (correcting). I mane, ye are not a bachelor—I mint it for meself. I've made up me mind that it's time for you to get married!

KATHLEEN. Have ye now?

TERENCE. I have, and I'll not be breakin' your heart by sayin' no, whin we've been waitin' for each other four years, six months, twenty-nine days, and three hours; whin we're married, ye shall have everything ye want, except money, so give me your promise, darlin', that ye'll be Mrs. Terence O'More—to-morrow mornin'!

Kathleen (astonished). To-morrow! That's givin'

me no time to get ready!

TERENCE. Ye're ready now, and I'm tired o' waitin'!

KATHLEEN. Give me a little time, Terence.

TERENCE. I'll give ye all the time ye want, darlin'—ye can have five minutes, and no more.

KATHLEEN. But I must have a new dress, laddie.

TERENCE. Arrah, darlin', I couldn't love ye more if ye had twenty-five new dresses, and wearin' all at one time!

KATHLEEN. I couldn't think o' gettin' married in me

old clothes.

TERENCE. Ye can wrap yourself in your red cloak, and ye'll look like a princess—and sure, whin his Riverence speaks the words that makes ye mine, I'll be as happy as any prince that ever walked!

KATHLEEN. Ye take me by surprise to-day. (Rising)
TERENCE. The devil bit, o' surprise. (Rising)
Ye've heard me tell ye tin thousand times that I love
the ground ye walk on, and the soles o' your cute little
shoes!

KATHLEEN. I wonder if ye could make a lady of me?

TERENCE. I don't think so. (A step to c. Kath-LEEN, R. C., pouts at this remark) But I'll excuse ye if

ye'll say yes.

KATHLEEN (earnest and affectionate). Ah, Terry, ye know how to get on the good side o' me, ye do—(Advancing to him)—ye divil! Haven't we known each other ever since I was so high—(Measuring)—and do ye think it's want of love for ye that makes me hesitate?

TERENCE (embracing her). What is it, darlin'?

KATHLEEN. I was thinkin'-

TERENCE. Of me!

Kathleen. And many other things—it's a serious thing to be gettin' married—that is, the first time—I suppose some folks get used to it, whin they've had three or four husbands, like Widow McGee.

Terence. What are ye talkin', Mavourneen? Do you think I'll die an' lave ye, a handsome widdy woman, for some scalawag to steal? No, bedad! I'll niver die—

unless ye'll consent to die with me!

KATHLEEN. I'll give ye your answer to-morrow, Terence.

TERENCE. Will it be the answer I want?

KATHLEEN. I think so—wait and see. (Drawing

away)

TERENCE. Ye want to tease me! (Releasing her) Whatever ye say, darlin'! I won't argue with ye now—wait until after we're married!

KATHLEEN. I want to think about it, Terry, and dream about it. (XING slowly to in front of bench R.) Dream about it, when you're gone! (Sitting on the bench R. her manner dreamy, pre-occupied)

TERENCE. I'll lave ye, and I know ye'll say yes. (Earnestly) Sure, if I was to lose ye, Kathleen—

KATHLEEN. What would ye do, Terry?

TERENCE. I couldn't stand it—I love ye, acushla, and I'm lavin' ye with a heart as light as the moon that's shinin' over us. Good night, Mavourneen. May the angels bring ye happy dreams. (Slowly up to d. r.) If ye hear a voice singin' under your window, ye'll know it's me. I'll come to-morrow for me answer. (Going towards d. r.) Good night, Sweet Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen (low, dreamy tone). Good night, Terry, darlin'!

TERENCE. Good night.

[EXIT slowly, throwing a kiss, D. R.

(Use bird whistle for song of birds singing outside)

Kathleen. Terry! Sure he loves me, and I love him—I wish I had niver seen the Squire, the ould gipsy—he's put strange notions in me head. (Repeating, drowsily) Ye'll have fortune, position, happiness. There's no denyin', I'd like to be a lady—for a little while, anyhow. (Yawning) I'm that sleepy! (Lying on the bench, drawing the pillows under her head, and the cloak over her) But how could I forget Terry? (The song of the bird is continued outside, the moonlight strikes in through the window, reflecting on Kathleen, and the music of "Kathleen Mavourneen" is played softly out-

side. Dreamily, as she falls asleep) Terry—I could never forget him—heaven keep me safe, and bless Terry!

(The music is continued till end, and, if possible, Terence sings the song outside, the melody growing fainter and more distant, as Kathleen remains quiet on the bench—asleep)

SLOW CURTAIN

#### ACT II

Scene.—An Exterior. An attractive garden adjoining the home of Bernard Kavanagh. Wood wings. Ripple drop, or wood drop. Foliage borders, and foliage set pieces to mask in. The back of the stage may show a run, if desired. On the L. DOWN STAGE, two or three broad steps, with balustrade, represent a terrace, leading to the house; the house is not seen. Rustic garden furniture. A rustic table on the R. Rustic chairs at R. and L. of it. Rustic settee on the L. DOWN STAGE. An urn or two with trailing vines. on the terrace and UP STAGE, if available; use anything else to dress the stage, but do not crowd it, and keep entrances clear. LIGHTS, at rise, soft sunset glow. Deepen to moonlight; spot light off stage to strike across center for the struggle and curtain. MUSIC:-"The Last Rose of Summer"

DISCOVERED KATHLEEN, pale and despondent, seated R. of table; a book open on table, her eyes on the book and her head resting wearily in her hand.

ENTER KITTY O'LAVERTY from L., pausing a second as she observes KATHLEEN

KITTY. Poor lady! (To KATHLEEN) Excuse me, ma'am, it hurts me to think o' ye out here all be yerself. (Advancing to c.) Can't I do somethin' fer ye? (Regarding Kathleen in sympathy)

Kathleen (looking at Kitty). What can ye do, Kitty? What can anyone do for me?

KITTY. I know how unhappy ye are—(Advancing to

L. of table)—and it breaks me heart to see ye day afther day—

KATHLEEN. You know why. I have no secrets from ye. Let my fate be a warnin' to ye—don't try to be more than nature intended.

KITTY. No, ma'am. (Sighing)

KATHLEEN. I have what I asked for—I'm a rich man's wife, I live in a big house, with servants to wait on me, and though he tould me happiness would be showered on me, 'tis not true, bekase no one can be happy without love. The Squire's ashamed o' the poor girl he used to flatter, so he laves me alone to me own sad, bitter thoughts. (Weeping softly)

KITTY. Oh, ma'am, if ye cry all the time, ye'll spoil your eyes. There must be somethin' I can do to cheer ye

a bit.

Kitty (nervously, a step toward c.). It's the master; faith, he don't seem to be in a good humor. (Glancing L. nervously) I better go.

KATHLEEN. Don't leave me, Kitty; he may not be so

harsh if someone is here.

KAVANAGH (off L. harsh tone). I tell you, come tomorrow. (He ENTERS from L., speaking off as he appears) I don't talk business in the evening—confound the fellow! (Advancing a step, then pausing as he observes KATHLEEN, frowning at her) H'm! you! Why don't you say good evening, or greet me pleasantly? (Advancing to C.)

KATHLEEN. I didn't think you'd notice me-

KAVANAGH (harsh tone). No one could help noticing such a doleful picture as you present. (To Kitty) What do you want here?

KITTY (a nervous jump at his tone). No-nothing,

sir-I was only-

KAVANAGH. Only talking about me behind my back—just like women—deceitful creatures! Clear out!

Kitty. I wasn't sayin' a word again' ye, nor her ladyship—(Glancing nervously at Kathleen) We were praisin' ye to the skies!

KAVANAGH. I don't believe it-go!

KITTY. I will—(XING rapidly to L. c.)—if ye'd only speak a kind word to the lady sir—(Indicating KATH-LEEN)

KAVANAGH. What! (Facing her in anger) Are you

dictating to me?

KITTY (with sudden spirit). I am—and I'd like to be dictatin' a warrant for your arrest! Ye cruel-hearted spilodeen!

KAVANAGH (in anger). Silence—get out, I say!

KITTY (increasing indignation). I'll not get out, till I've had me say! (Stamping her foot at him) Ye can discharge me if ye want to—I'm only stayin' for her ladyship's sake—(Indicating Kathleen)—not for you—I'd like to poison ye, ye divil! (Shaking her fist at him, then she EXITS L. in great rage)

KAVANAGH. Impudent menial! (Turning to KATH-LEEN) That's one of your servants, the one you make a

friend of!

KATHLEEN. Forgive her. I'm sorry she spake like

that to ye-

KAVANAGH. "Spake!" (Imitating her tone scornfully) Confound your common method of speech! I'm ashamed of it! (To L. C. in irritation)

KATHLEEN. I was never taught much in school—— KAVANAGH (turning on her sharply). I should say not, but that doesn't excuse you, sitting here, moping like a sick owl! (Advancing a step) What's the mat-

KATHLEEN (wincing at his sharp tone). I do-please

don't----

ter with you, do you hear?

KAVANAGH (same sharp tone). Answer me!

KATHLEEN (tearfully). I'm dull, weary, miserable!

KAVANAGH (scornfully). You are? when you have everything you want—you prefer to make everybody in the house miserable! If you are dull, why don't you

read, or play the piano, or sing? (Sitting L. C., lighting a cigar and smoking)

Kathleen. I try to read—(Indicating her book)—but it's all blurred—through me tears!

KAVANAGH. Tears-h'm! Affectation!

KATHLEEN. I can play only Irish songs your sister don't like to hear, and as for singing, how can I sing whin me heart's so sad, the words choke me! (Tearfully)

KAYANAGH (turning, looking at her). Upon my soul! I can't understand what makes you miserable, as you say.

You have deceived me!

Kathleen (looking at him, startled). Deceived ve!

What do ve mane?

KAVANAGH. There's some more of it-"mane!" Say mean!

KAVANAGH (trying to pronounce it). Me-mean. try, sir.

KAVANAGH. When I say you deceived me, I mean, I thought you were a girl of gay, youthful spirits, lighthearted under all circumstances.

KATHLEEN. I was when you first met me—(Sadly) but winter rain puts out fire, and cold winds blow down the blossoms—if ye want to know the truth—it's your

unkindness that's driven the light out of me life.

KAVANAGH (affecting astonishment). My unkindness! (Rising) What an unjust charge! Your infernal complaining has ruined my even, amiable disposition—you see how one ill-natured person can affect another! (Sighing, shaking his head dolefully-with humorous effect. Advancing) But you can understand this-since you say you are wretched here, where you have everything to make you happy, you are at liberty to go where you please.

KATHLEEN (rising). Where would ye have me go? KAVANAGH. Anywhere—I don't care—home, perhaps,

to your kitchen, your washtub, which so well suits you!

Kathleen. Home! where folks would laugh at me and point me out as the foolish bird that tried to fly to the sun, and only broke its wings! (Down stage a step)

No—I can't go back!

KAVANAGH. Well, then, you might go to the rustic fellow you used to talk about—Terry, I believe. (To L. near seat)

KATHLEEN. Terry—neaven bless him! Don't spake of him! (KAVANAGH laughs scornfully) Since ye mar ried me, ye'll condescind to let me stay here—till I die

KAVANAGH. Die! (Glancing at her contemptuously) You are much too healthy looking to die very soon. And since you seem determined to snivel and moan, I would rather be alone. Go! (Turning his back to her, standing DOWN L. of C., smoking)

KATHLEEN (advancing to c.) Go! Ye sind me like

ye sind your servant!

KAVANAGH. "Sind!" Ye gods! (Repeating the

word scornfully, and much irritated)

KATHLEEN. Oh, I'm punished—ye niver cared for me, though I believed your foin words. I thought I was going to be a lady and a happy wife—I'm a slave, the miserable slave of a cruel, hard man! (The faint eche of the song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," sung by Terence off R. at back, is heard. If the song is not used, substitute the music, played off stage, very soft. Kathleen listens as she hears the song) Faith, what's that? Am I dreamin'!

KAVANAGH. Raving, I imagine. (Sitting L. C.)

KATHLEEN (net heeding KAVANAGH, listening to music). Terry! Terry's song. (She moves slowly toward R. in direction of the music) I broke his heart, poor lad. He's coming here, and I can't meet his honest eyes. If he could read me heart, he'd know I can niver forgive meself. Terry! Terry! (As the music is continued, she XES slowly to R. and EXITS. When KATHLEEN is well off, the music, growing gradually fainter, ceases)

# ENTER DOROTHY KAVANAGH from L.

DOROTHY. I'm glad to find you here—I must speak to you about the conduct of your wife. (Advancing to R. of C. DOWN stage)

Kavanagh (rising, turning to Dorothy). Don't bother me about her—there are more important matters

to discuss.

DOROTHY. Yes—money. You have reduced my allowace——

KAVANAGH. Necessity.

Dorothy. I can scarcely make a respectable appearance.

KAVANAGH. You may be unable to make any appearance in society, very soon.

DOROTHY (astonished and displeased). Indeed! what

do you mean?

KAVANAGH (advancing a step). I shall not mince matters—we are on the brink of ruin!

DOROTHY (startled). Ruin!

KAVANAGH. The estate is mortgaged far beyond its value, and the only chance I have to pull through is by marrying Ormsby's daughter. She is an accomplished girl, very much in love with me, and her father is rich.

DOROTHY. How can you marry when you have a wife

living?

KAVANAGH. You mean Kathleen!

DOROTHY. Of course I do—what a wretched mistake it was!

KAVANAGH. Kathleen! (Laughing, highly amused) I'll let you into a secret. She thinks she is my wife, but the ceremony was not performed by a priest!

Dorothy (astonished). Bernard, is it possible, a false

priest!

KAVANAGH. As you know, we eloped—it looked romantic—in reality, it covered a deeper purpose. A clever arrangement, since I was only amusing myself with this farmer's daughter.

DOROTHY. And Kathleen is not your wife!

KAVANAGH. Certainly not—I'm through with her and ready for Ormsby's money.

DOROTHY. How will you get rid of Kathleen?

KAVANAGH. I will ask your assistance, dear sister. I have written her dismissal in this letter. (*Drawing a letter from his pocket*, extending it to her) I will ask you to deliver it.

Dorothy. If I remember correctly, that is the way

you proposed to her—by letter. (Taking letter)

KAVANAGH. Exactly—clever arrangement on my part.

Dorothy. I think it shows want of courage.

KAVANAGH (piqued). Oh, do you? Dorothy. Why don't you tell her?

KAVANAGH (moving away a step or two). There would be a scene, and I detest scenes; that is, with women.

DOROTHY. You mean, you fear them. (Sitting at L.

of table R. C.)

KAVANAGH. Call it fear if you wish—I am naturally of a peaceable, amiable disposition, and it hurts me to make women suffer!

DOROTHY. Does it? (Looking at letter)

KAVANAGH. Yes. Of course, if she makes a great time

over it, you may call on me for aid.

DOROTHY. That is kind of you—I will handle her and shall be glad of an opportunity to humiliate her for her daring presumption in thinking she could marry into our noble, aristocratic family! I wonder where she is? (Rising)

Kayanagh. Roving about the grounds, moaning to herself! She spends a great deal of time here, but avoids me—she is shamefully ungrateful for all my kindness. (Xing to terrace l.) I'll go; if she is spying from somewhere among the trees, your opportunity may come this evening. (Going off l.) I want it over as quickly as possible. [EXIT L. over terrace

DOROTHY (looks about, then XES to R., calling off R.)

Kathleen! Kathleen!

ENTER from L. Kitty, carrying a large dark shawl.

She comes in very cautiously

KITTY. I wonder if himself has gone!

DOROTHY (calling again). Kathleen! Probably she hears me and is too stubborn to reply. (Turning, she observes Kitty) Where is your mistress?

Kitty (a bit nervously). I don't know, ma'am-I

think she's gone to a-a picnic-

DOROTHY (looking at Kitty in surprise and suspicion).

Picnic!

KITTY. Yis, ma'am, or a party—somethin' where she won't be home till late! (Looking at Dorothy in some defiance)

DOROTHY. Avoiding us. (XING toward terrace L.) Look for her, at once, and when you find her, come and tell me! [EXIT L.. over terrace

Kitty. Yis, ma'am, I will—(After Dorothy disappears)—not! (Indignantly): 'Tisn't enough for the hedivil to be makin' the poor lady miserable, the she-devil takes afther him! (Shaking her fist toward L. where Dorothy disappeared) Bad luck to the pair o' thim! (Calling softly) Your ladyship—where are ye? (Looking R.) Ye'll get yer death o' cold here in the dampness. (Unfolding shawl) I've brought you this nice warm shawl to put over yer shoulders. (BILL BUTTON CAP pokes his head from behind a tree or shrub R.)

Bill (calling in a soft manner from R.). Kitty!

Kitty (startled, looking about, not observing Bill). What's that?

BILL (repeating). Kitty!

KITTY. Ag'in! What the devil is it? (A step toward R., looking about)

Bill (repeating). Kitty—Kitty—Kitty!

Kitty (alarmed). The saint's save me! (Making sign of the cross) It must be a ghost—I'm scart o' me life! (She runs quickly off L.)

ENTER from R., Bill, noiselessly, eccentric steps.

BILL (making a ghostly cry). Boo—oo! What a villain I am! (Chuckling) Scaring that sweet girl to death! (Repeating call) Kitty! (Looking L.) Here she comes—if she calls for help I'll rescue her and she'll think I'm a hero! (Goes quickly and noiselessly down to table, under which he crawls) Oh, what a villain I am! (Remaining quiet, peering out at KITTY)

RE-ENTER from L., Kitty, cautiously; the shawl draped about her head and shoulders.

Kitty. I make nothin' of it at all—at all, but I could swear be me patron saint someone said "Kitty"!

Bill (calling). Kitty!

KITTY (looking at him in disgust). It's you! under

the table! ye rascal!

BILL (rising, advancing). Oh, what a villain I am! KITTY. That ye are, sindin' the shivers up an' down me spine for the loikes o' ye! (Regarding him indignantly)

BILL. I'll forgive ye if ye'll kiss me! (Advancing

to Kitty)

KITTY. I'll not-I'll have nothin' to do with ye.

(Removing the shawl)

BILL. You den't mean that, Kitty, honeysuckle—you know I love you—look in my face and read the light in my eyes! (In exaggerated manner, posing c.)

KITTY (looking at him). All I see is a squint!

Bill. Look again, fair lady!

KITTY. Your face is dirty—go down to the kitchen and wash it with a slather o' soap! (To L. c., folding shawl)

Bill. Soap! It's too expensive—I wash my face with brick-dust.

Kitty. Brick-dust! And what do ye put on your red hair? (Sniffing and holding her nose)

BILL. Oil—out of the lamp!

KITTY (retreating). Ye smell it!

BILL. I'm so fascinating, the smell of the oil keeps the ladies at a distance! (Chuckling) Oh, what a villain I am!

KITTY. Every time ye say that, ye speak the truth. Bill. How do you like your place, Kitty? It looks

comfortable! (Looking about)

KITTY (L. c). It'll not be me place much longer—I forgot me manners and gave the master a piece o' me moind. He didn't care much for it, and I think I'll be afther quittin' here be to-morrow mornin'.

BILL. That's good news! Ha, ha!

KITTY. Ha, ha, is it? (Regarding him scornfully)

Will ye find me another place?

Bill. A place! a place! (Extravagantly) You have a place in my heart! (Striking his chest a thump) And if you will say yes—(Striking himself again. Kitty jumps every time Bill strikes himself)—come to my arms, to my home, my queen! (Striking himself)

KITTY. Look out—ye'll break your gizzard!

BILL. My queen! (Dropping on his knees with arms outstretched to Kitty) Be mine, be mine, give me your hand, darling Kitty—(Grasping her hand)—till death do us part. (He has a firm grip of Kitty's hand, and she, endeavoring to pull away from him, drags him about on his knees)

KITTY. Let me go, ye lunatic!

Bill. Oh, what a villain I am! What do you say to my prayer?

KITTY. I say you're a loon—and ye ought to be

locked in a loony asylum!

BILL. Listen to me, listen, while I sing my song of love! (Attempting to sing in a high, cracked tone)

Kitty. Whist, with your singin'—(Looking R., hastily) There's someone comin'! What'll I do with ye, at all?

Bill. Hide me—(rising)—hide me—oh, what a villain I am!

KITTY (excitedly). Ye can't go in, and ve can't go out! Oh, ye'll have me kilt!

Bill. I'll stay and brave the worst! (Striking mock

heroic pose)

KITTY. The worst would be your death, and me own! Here, make a stool o' yourself! (Quickly unfolding the shawl)

BILL (astonished). A stool!

KITTY. Do as I bid ve! Down on your knees! (Forcing him to his knees L. of C. BILL, on his knees, swinging his arms and bobbing his head) Tuck in your head! (Giving his head a shove) And your hands. (BILL folds his arms tightly across his chest, and puffs out his cheeks) And keep your tongue in your head for the love o' the saints. (BILL in position of a low stool. Kitty throws the shawl over him, completely covering him)

BILL (from under cover). I'm smothering!

KITTY. Well, smother—it'll do ye good! No matter

what happens, don't move—don't breathe!

BILL (faintly, from under cover). Oh, what a villain you are! (Kitty, in assumed indifference, sings a snatch of song, tucking in the shawl about Bill, then she seats herself comfortably on Bill. He wabbles, she slaps at him, and, finally, when he is quiet, Father Cassidy enters)

NOTE:—The scenes in which Bill figures are broad comedy; they should be played on broad lines with as much comedy effect as possible.

### ENTER FATHER CASSIDY from R.

Cassidy (observing Kitty). Is it you, Kitty? (Ad-

vancing DOWN to R. of C.)

KITTY (rising). Ah, Father Cassidy—good even, your Riverence! (Advancing a step, curtsying to him)

CASSIDY. You ought to be at the choir rehearsal to-

night, Kitty, instead of sitting here all alone, singing to

yourself.

KITTY (unguarded). Oh, no, your Riverence, I wasn't alone— (Father Cassidy looks at her in sur-

prise) I have company——

Cassidy. Ye have? (Looking about) I see no one! (He looks R., keeping his head turned in that direction a second. While Cassidy's head is turned, Bill shakes violently under the shawl; Kitty gives him a punch; Bill quiet)

KITTY (correcting herself in confusion). Oh, no, of

course ye don't-I mane I had company!

Cassiby (looking at Kitty). Your master or mistress, I suppose. (Starting forward to c. on a line with Bill) Kitty (R. of C., watching Cassiby in apprehension).

Ye-vis, your Riverence!

Cassidy. I called to see Squire Kavanagh—about something important. (He draws from his pocket the paper he later shows at end of act, as he advances, about to walk over Bill in his stooping position)

Kitty. O-h! (A sharp cry of alarm, as she observes

Cassidy nearing Bill)

Cassidy (looking at Kitty). What's the matter? Ye squeal like a young pig. (Replacing the paper in his pocket)

KITTY (comic nervousness). Be careful, your Riverence—ye might fall over the—the stool and hurt your-

self! (Indicating Bill)

Cassidy. I see. (Looking at the "stool") This you mean? (Indicating with his foot, about to give it a kick)

KITTY (in great alarm). Don't kick it! for the love o' your life, don't kick it! It's—it's a delicate stool with only two legs!

Cassidy (surprised). Two legs! Faith, 'tis a queer piece o' furniture—a two-legged stool—what good is it, anyhow? Can I sit on it? (About to sit on the "stool")

KITTY (in terror). Don't, for the love o' Saint Patrick, don't do it! You'll get hurted, and so will the stool! If ye don't moind, your Riverence, take this chair

-(Moving the chair at L. of table a little forward)—ve can sit here and be safe, 'till the day o' judgment.

Cassidy. Thank ye—I'll go in and see Squire Kavanagh if he's not engaged. (XING to terrace L., where he pauses, looking off)

Kitty. Askin' your Riverence pardon, me master's in a mighty high timper at present, and I don't like the

idy o' havin' him talk sassy to your Riverence.

Cassidy. I've noticed the Squire has an ugly temper lately—(Advancing to c.)—He's not like himself. I'll wait a bit.

KITTY (relieved). If ye would! And if ye would speak a few kind words to me mistress, it would cheer the poor lady-

CASSIDY. What ails her ladyship?

KITTY. Ye can judge whin ye see her. If ye'll wait in the park beyant—(Indicating R.)—I'll find her, and I know she'll thank heaven for a sight o' ye.

CASSIDY. I'll do it. (XING to R. 2.) I've had me

own views about things here in the big house, and I'm not satisfied with the look of it. I'll come back presently. [EXIT R.

KITTY. I'm mighty sorry ye're goin'—(As he disappears)—I niver was so thankful in all me life! (Glancing about, then she runs to Bill) Get up, if you're livin'! Get up and run for your life! (Throwing the shawl back from his head)

Bill (as she throws back the shawl). Oh, what a vil-

lain I am!

KITTY. Ye'll break me heart, and have me reputation ruined! Get up, will ye? (Angrily snatching the

shawl)

BILL (rising, chuckling). I thought his Riverence was going to use me for a chair! And then we'd both go down in a pile, with me on top o' the holy father! (Laughing)

KITTY (indignantly). Stop laughin'-makin' fun o' the minister o' the gospel! Clear out, will ye, as quick

as your lazy bones will let ye!

BILL. I will—which way shall I run, sweet Kitty? KITTY (recklessly). Any way, only run! (Quickly correcting) No, ye can't do that! Whist—I'll have a look! (Going quickly to R., looking off; in alarm) Oh, murther—the divil botheration—there's someone else comin'! (Quickly returning to BILL, she gives him a shove, which sends him to his knees c. in the same position as before)

BILL (kneeling c., protesting). See here, Kit, I'm not

going to be a two-legged stool forever-

Kitty (shoving him down on his hands and knees). Hould your tongue, ye crazy gossoon! (Throwing the shawl over him as before)

BILL (from under cover). Oh, what a villain I am!

(KITTY runs quickly to L. as if to exit)

ENTER from R., Black Rody. He keeps his cap on and puffs at a pipe.

RODY. Good evenin' to ye. (Addressing Kitty, advancing a step or two)

KITTY (on terrace L., turning, observing Rody, in sur-

prise). Black Rody!

RODY. Glad ye know me—sometimes ye don't, Kitty Laverty—ye passed me in the lane yisterday, an' divil a word ye spake to me. Ye're getting stuck up in your present position. (A step DOWN R. of C.)

KITTY (advancing to c.). What do ye want here? Ropy. I'm here to see the Squire, immediately.

Kitty (defiantly). Ye can't see him at all. Rody. Is that so? (Frowning at Kitty)

Kitty (short and curt). It is—good-bye. (Turning to terrace)

RODY. I'll wait till I do see him. I'll take a seat on this comfortable stool—(Advancing toward Bill)

Kitty (in quick alarm). No ye don't. (Running quickly to Bill, warding off Rody before he reaches the "stool") That's me favorite seat, and if there's any

sittin' to do, I'll do it! (With determined manner, she sits on Bill)

Rody. I can stand as long as ye can sit! (Planting himself firmly R. of C.) I'm here to see the master!

KITTY. Thin, ye better go an' introduce yourself-

ye'll come out quicker thin ye go in!

Rody. Is that so? (Looking toward L. irresolutely) Mebbe he'll be more pleased to see me than ye think. (Xing to terrace, looking L. As Rody Xes to L., Kitty whirls around on the "stool," nearly upsetting Bill this action unobserved by Rody) I wonder is he expectin' me?

KITTY (rising, indignantly). No, he's not looking for the loikes o' ye, Black Rody! (Advancing up c. a step facing him) He's in no timper for ye either, I'm

warnin' ye!

Rody (advancing a step to Kitty). You're gettin' to have a mighty ugly way o' speakin', Miss Kitty Laverty. I'm a frind o' the Squire, and you're a servant—go tell him I'm here, and no nonsense about it! (He advances toward the "stool") And while ye're gone, I'll have a seat on your favorite stool, make meself comfortable, an' smoke me pipe—— (He suddenly sits on Bill. As Rody sits on Bill. Bill collapses, Rody tumbles with him, both rolling over, entangling themselves in the shawl, struggling in comic manner, while Kitty regards them in terror)

KITTY. Oh! murther! Peter! Patrick! Help! murther! thieves! thieves! murther! murther! (She continues to cry out in comic terror, pulling at the shawl, until she unwinds it. The two men struggle, finally rise, and Rody chases Bill off R. KITTY C. on verge of col-

lapse, holding the shawl)

BILL (as he runs off R.). Oh, what a villain I am!

(Rody runs after Bill, striking at him)

[EXIT BILL and RODY R.

Kitty (after the men exit). Oh! glory be to heaven, 'tis worse thin an earthquake! Me heart's palpitatin' clear through me shoulder blades, an' me head's spinnin'

with the fright! Why did I iver make a two-legged stool o' Bill?

#### ENTER DOROTHY on terrace L.

DOROTHY. What is all this racket, Kitty?

KITTY (confused). Racket, ma'am! Sure it was the cats—bad luck to thim! They got to fightin', ma'am, right here in the garden, and I had me own time separatin' thim!

DOROTHY. Cats! (Looking at KITTY suspiciously) It had a very different sound to me. (Advancing to

L. C.)

KITTY. Yis, ma'am, cats do make a mighty different kind o' noise—don't I know it! (Gathering up the shawl, which, in her confusion, she is dragging about her feet and stumbling over)

DOROTHY. Have you seen my brother's—wife?

### ENTER KATHLEEN from R. slowly

KITTY (observing KATHLEEN). Here she is. (To KATHLEEN) Ye must be cold, ma'am, sure 'tis late, and the night is chilly—let me put this about ye. (Advancing, placing the shawl about KATHLEEN)

KATHLEEN. Thank you, Kitty. (Advancing slowly)

You are always trying to do something for me.

KITTY. 'Tisn't much I can do, ma'am, I'm sorry to

say—will ye come inside? (Indicating L.)

DOROTHY. One moment. (Looking at Kathleen) I want to speak a word to you—a very important word. (To Kitty) You may go. (Kathleen silently advances down to r. c., drawing the shawl about her, shivering, while Kitty looks at her in pity, then in some hesitation, she turns to L.)

KITTY (looking at KATHLEEN, speaking to DOROTHY). I will. (To KATHLEEN) I'll wait for ye, ma'am, and help ye to bed. [EXIT L.

DOROTHY (a short hard laugh). Help you to bed!

(To Kathleen) That must recall to you that scene in your kitchen when you told me how anxious you were to be a lady!

Kathleen (sorrowfully). When I wanted to be a lady! Don't remind me—I was happy until that day, when you came, with the red cloak, and I lost me senses.

(Sinking dejectedly in chair at L. of table R. C.)

DOROTHY (advancing to c.). Since you constantly remind us that you are unhappy, I want to tell you something that may cheer you. (Drawing the letter Kavanagh gave her from her dress)

KATHLEEN (looking at her inquiringly). What can

it be?

DOROTHY. I am sure my brother has been most kind and loving, but you appear to think he neglects you. (Kathleen sighs, turning her head aside) You cannot expect him to find pleasure in your society, because of the great difference in your education, your manners—

KATHLEEN (quiet dignity). He knew before he mar-

ried me.

DOROTHY. He did not realize it—you planned so cunningly to fascinate him, poor man! But his eyes are now open, and you cannot be surprised if he finds other women attractive——

KATHLEEN (rising). Stop, if ye please. You are his sister, and mine, by law, but if ye come to tell me of me

husband's faithlessness, I don't want to hear it!

DOROTHY. Since you accept the situation, we will not prolong this interview. He is tired of you—thoroughly tired and disgusted.

KATHLEEN. Tired and disgusted—(In distress)—is

it true?

DOROTHY. It is true, and more—you will find it explained in this letter which he requested me to give you. (Handing the letter) The contents may surprise you—(A short laugh as she turns toward terrace L.)—but you must learn the facts, and so I have brought them to you as gently as possible. (On terrace) My dear brother

wishes to spare you all he can; we hope you will be equally considerate of our feelings and go quietly.

KATHLEEN (regarding letter, puzzled). Go!

DOROTHY. You will understand when you read the letter. [EXIT L.

ENTER Father Cassidy from R.; he remains quietly up stage, unobserved by Kathleen, watching her and listening as she reads the letter

KATHLEEN (contemplating letter). Understand when I read it—a letter from me husband—how strange it seems to call the Squire husband—it was Terry I thought—— (Pausing) There's something wrong about it—the blood seems lavin' me heart! (Her hands trembling in agitation as she opens the letter) What could he write to me that he couldn't say to me face? (Reading letter) "Madam—your dream must end. You think you are my wife—you are not. The man who performed the marriage ceremony was not a priest, but a friend of mine, who did me the favor." (KATHLEEN, nearly overcome, staggers a step toward R. C. as she continues to read) "You are not Mrs. Kavanagh—you are only the farmer's daughter, Kathleen O'Connor. You may go where you please on condition that you do not molest me. Good-bye. Bernard Kavanagh!" (In agitation) Oh! Father in heaven! I am not a wife, but only Kathleen O'Connor, without a home, without a name! The shame will kill me-kill me! (She sways and falls senseless c.)

Cassidy (advances quickly down c., calling off l. in a quick, strong, stern voice). Bernard Kavanagh! (Speaking off l.) Come here! Come here! (He turns quickly to Kathleen and takes the letter from her unconscious hand)

ENTER Bernard Kavanagh from L. quickly, and alarmed, followed by Dorothy, also showing some alarm; she remains on the terrace

KAVANAGH (great surprise). A priest! (Advancing a step) Your Reverence—

Cassidy (sternly). You wretch! This is your letter, see what it has done! (Pointing to the form of Kathleen) But it's a lie—it was no friend of yours that performed that ceremony, although ye thought it was, in the dark little chapel of Saint Peter!

KAVANAGH. Who was it? Cassidy. It was meself!

KAVANAGH (astonished). You!

Cassidy. A priest of the church! It was a lawful marriage! (Drawing certificate from his pocket) Here is the certificate signed by your own hand. Kathleen O'Connor is your wife, in the sight of God and man! (Dorothy, on terrace, displays great astonishment. Kayanagh, overcome with surprise and anger, stands L. near terrace, looking at Cassidy. Cassidy c., indignantly regarding Kayanagh. Kathleen on the floor, motionless. Music—"Kathleen Mayourneen."

# QUICK CURTAIN

#### ACT III

Scene I:—Same as Act II. Lights medium, to darken at end of Act. At rise Bernard Kavanagh is DISCOVERED, pacing restlessly, frowning and ill-tempered.

# ENTER from L. on terrace, Dorothy

KAVANAGH (turning to Dorothy, sharply). Well, what is the report? (R. of C.)

DOROTHY (advancing toward c.). Kathleen refuses

to see me.

Kavanagh (in anger). You should not be refused! (Pacing a step or two to R. down stage, and back again)

DOROTHY. Kitty says she is better and able to walk

about her room. (Advancing DOWN to L. of C.)

KAVANAGH. Better! (In anger) That letter was enough to kill her, yet she refuses to die!

DOROTHY. These rustics have splendid constitutions—you will not find it so easy to get rid of her—she is your wife. (Seating herself L. C.)

KAVANAGH (pausing c., sharply). Don't remind me

of that!

DOROTHY. You say our money is gone and that you can save yourself only by a rich marriage—but you cannot marry while Kathleen lives.

KAVANAGH. That's the point—while Kathleen lives!

How I hate her—presuming fool!

DOROTHY. What will you do? KAVANAGH. Get rid of her!

DOROTHY (regarding him in surprise). How?

KAVANAGH. With ruin staring me in the face, I am driven to desperate means, which I shall not explain to you.

DOROTHY (rising, in some alarm). You don't mean to

harm her?

KAVANAGH (C. sternly, determined). I mean to pro-

tect myself,—and you!

DOROTHY (reassured). You were always resourceful, even as a boy, and I am sure you will find a way to rid yourself of this horrible mistake. (Turning UP L. a step)

KAVANAGH. It is, indeed, a horrible mistake; she will suffer most, where she might have spared herself had

she gone quietly. (Pausing C. DOWN stage)

DOROTHY (UP L. near terrace). You forget—she was ambitious to be a lady, wife of the Squire, socially prominent, and supposed to be rich. (Going L. on terrace) Women of her stamp are not so easy to shake off—they lack our fine sensibilities, brother. (Laughing, rather unpleasantly)

KAVANAGH. You may spare me your sarcasm, sister

-I am not in the mood to enjoy it.

DOROTHY (same tone). To a man holding your strict views, Kathleen's conduct appears shockingly unscrupulous! (Laughing again) Doesn't it, brother dear? (KAVANAGH, greatly irritated, XES toward R.) I won-

der what Mary Ormsby will say when she hears the

story?

KAVANAGH (turning sharply). She shall never hear it—you will keep your mouth closed and heaven knows I will!

DOROTHY. And her father, David O'Connor?

KAVANAGH. That for the old fool! (Contemptuously snapping his fingers)

DOROTHY. And—Kathleen? (Looking at him stead-

ily)

KAVANAGH. Kathleen! (Advancing to c., speaking in a steady, cruel tone) Kathleen will never talk, never!

DOROTHY (a sigh of relief). I am glad to hear it—I could never stand the humiliation of having people gossip about us! We are such a noble family! (Firmer tone) But remember, brother, it is for you to act quickly—I must have money to maintain my position, and I look to you for it!

KAVANAGH. I will not disappoint you.

DOROTHY. Shall I carry any message to—your wife? Kavanagh (bitterly). Tell her I wish she was dead! Dorothy (light laugh). I will—I am sure she will

be delighted at your loving remembrance!

KAVANAGH. What a fool a man is! And what wretched creatures women are! Selfish, ungrateful, vain and unscrupulous! (XING to L. C.) But we shall see if Father Cassidy's interference does not work her more harm than good!

DOROTHY (going L.). Do not fail to act quickly.

[EXIT L.

ENTER from R. Black Rody, slouching in, repulsive, and with the same old pipe in his mouth

RODY. Sarvant, Squire. (Touching his cap as he advances to c.)

KAVANAGH (turning, observing Rody). Rody! I am glad you came. (Advancing a step to c.)

Rody. Thank ye, Squire. (Swelling in some importance as he advances to chair at L. of table, and arranges it to seat himself)

KAVANAGH. You recall our last conversation?

RODY. O' coorse I do. (Seating himself comfortably)

KAVANAGH (C., standing). Have you made up your

mind to do it?

Rody. O' coorse I have.

KAVANAGH. When?

Rody. To-night.

KAVANAGH (startled). To-night! (Staring at RODY)

Rody (calmly). To-night. Is it soon enough?

KAVANAGH. Yes—(Glancing about nervously)—the sooner the better. (Advancing closer to Rody) You remember the terms?

Rody. O'coorse I do. (A knowing laugh and wink)

That's somethin' I niver forget.

KAVANAGH. A hundred guineas! It's a large sum!

(Moving away a step)

RODY. It's a large job! (Looking at KAVANAGH significantly) But if ye don't want it did——

KAVANAGH (quickly). Yes, yes—I do—I do!

Rody. Well, thin, I'll take fifty guineas now, and the

other fifty whin I finish.

KAVANAGH. Good! (Taking purse from his pocket) I thought you would want it that way—here it is. (Handing the purse to Rody) You may count it. (Nervously moving toward L.)

Rody (taking the purse greedily). O' coorse I will. (Opening purse) I don't want to get cheated! (Taking paper notes from the purse) Arrah, 'tis a fine sight!

(Looking at the money in delight)

KAVANAGH. You will find it correct.

Rody (counting). One, two, three, four—

KAVANAGH (highly nervous). Don't count it like that—it gets on my nerves! (Moving restlessly up and DOWN L. of C.)

Rody. Does it now? It don't affect me that way!

RODY. No, I don't—tell me, who's to be murthered?

KAYANAGH (sharp irritation). You don't appear to have any conscience. (Moving away a step, regarding

Rody in contempt)

Rody. Cunschience! I've nothin' to do wid it. (Placing the purse carefully in his pocket and buttoning his coat over it, his eye on Kavanagh) I'm only doin' this for ye bekase ye haven't the pluck to do it yourself!

KAVANAGH. And because I pay you well.

Ropy. The very reason—I can afford to pay me cunschience to hould its tongue. (Rising) Where's the place?

KAVANAGH. Here!

Rody (astonished). Here! Ye don't mane—in the house? (Indicating L.)

KAVANAGH. No-on the spot where we stand!

Rody. By me sowl! 'Tis a tidy place for—throat cuttin'!

KAYANAGII (close to Rody). Is that the way you ex-

pect to-do it?

Ropy. It is—I am handy with the knife! (Significantly drawing his finger across his throat) I thought ye might select another place—up there in the black erag where it's nice and dark, and quiet. (Pointing R.)

KAVANAGH. I could never get her to that spot.

Rody. Her! It must be a she ye want to get rid of!

KAVANAGH. Yes-a woman.

RODY. Well, I'm a gintleman, an' always willin' to oblige the female six. Is she tall or short, or narrow (Measuring)—or what is she like?

KAVANAGH. Medium height, and slender.

Rody (looking about, then moving closer to Kava-Nagh). Ye'll be wantin' to bury her—where?

KAVANAGH. Here!

Rody (astonished). Here!

KAVANAGH. Why not? (Looking at him steadily)

Rody (astonished). Be all the powers! I thought I was a hard one, but ye have me beat to splintereens!

KAVANAGH. There is plenty of room over there—(Indicating R.)—for a grave—and if she is missed, no one will dare come here looking for her. (A step to L. C.) Isn't that a clever arrangement?

RODY. It may be clever, as ye call it, but it's the divil's own head ye have. (To R. UP stage, looking about on

the ground)

KAVANAGH. Are you going to do the digging your-

self?

RODY. I am not—Red Barney will gire me a hand—he's comin' now. (Jerking his thumb toward R.)

KAVANAGH. Is he to be trusted with a case like this? Rody. Sure, he's as honest as you are! (Looking insolently at KAVANAGH. KAVANAGH winces and turns a step aside to L.) That's not sayin' much, but it's the truth.

KAVANAGH. I suppose I must take my chances.

RODY. Ye must—and since ye're havin' the performance right in front o' your house, we don't want any disturbance from anyone. (*Indicating* L.)

KAVANAGH. There is no one inside except my sister

and a maid, and—the woman you are to deal with.

Rody. Do you want us to make a clean job of it and finish your sister and the maid? (Looking at him boldly) It won't cost ye much extra!

KAVANAGH (sternly). Stop! You horrify me with such a proposition! Do you think I'm a wholesale mur-

derer?

Rody (regarding him, rubbing his chin). I don't know; for a man that can hire out the job you're plan-

nin', I think you're mighty inconsistent.

KAVANAGH. I will send my sister out of the house on some pretext, and the maid—take her by the throat and toss her in a corner. (Going L. to terrace) I will make the final arrangements inside, and see that she walks into the trap. When I return, I shall expect to find the deed finished, and the body buried! You understand?

Rody. I do, and don't forget to bring the other fifty guineas so there'll be no hitch.

KAVANAGH. I shall forget nothing.

RODY (XING to R.). I'll go for me tools—they're in the shrubbery beyant. (Jerking his thumb toward R.)—and what's the signal, your honor? (Bowing with an ironical laugh)

KAVANAGH. Whenever you are ready. [EXIT L. Rody. If ye'll take the advice of a frind, ye'll let us finish ye at the same time, for the hangman's sure to get the loikes o' ye, ye black divil! [EXIT R.

(Terence O'More is heard singing "Kathleen Mavourneen" off R. Or, if the song is omitted, the music is played. The lights slowly diminish and change to moonlight, as Terence ENTERS slowly from R. He

looks haggard and depressed)

TERENCE. Ah, sure, it is no heart I have for anything since Kathleen left me. (Advancing DOWN C. slowly) And this is where she lives, in the fine house, with the Squire—her husband! Her husband, and I thought it was meself that would be that! I wonder which is her window? If I could only see a bit of her sweet face, it would be some comfort to me. (Looking L.)

ENTER from L. Kitty, a light wrap about her, and a scarf or veil over her head

Kitty. Who is this? (Advancing a step, looking at Terence inquiringly)

TERENCE (sadly). Ye don't know me any more,

Kitty?

Kitty (advancing, recognizing him). It's Terry—me poor boy! (Extending her hand, which he takes) Ah, but ye are changed, Terry, sadly changed!

TERENCE. 'Tis no wonder—if ye knew— (Turn-

ing aside a step, dropping her hand)

KITTY. I do know-she told me all about it.

TERENCE. Kathleen!

KITTY. She spakes of ye every day-'tisn't him she

cares for, 'tis ye. That ought to comfort ye.

TERENCE. Not much, bekase she can niver belong to me. She's his wife, and nothing can part thim but death.

Kitty (vigorously). Sure, I wish old man death would come and get the Squire this very night! (Vehemently) I hate him! I'd like to choke him with me own hands!

TERENCE. Is he cruel to her?

Kitty. Cruel! (Indignantly) If ye were to lay yourself on a sawbuck and saw yourself into forty pieces, it wouldn't hurt as much as the way he treats me poor lady!

TERENCE. Oh! (Indignantly) If that's so-I'll go

in- (XING rapidly toward terrace L.)

KITTY (in alarm, catching him by the arm). Oh, no, ye mustn't—ye'd make things worse. Mebbe something'll happen to change it all—he's got a fine grin on him to-night. (Bernard Kavanagh laughs heartily, off L.) Ye hear that! (Mimicking scornfully) Ha! ha! It's himself! Come away, lad—it's bad if he sees ye here! (A step to R.)

TERENCE (turning a step toward c.) D'ye think I

can bear it to know she's miserable?

Kitty (f. c. up stage a little). We all are—it's a hard world! (Sighing) But wait! I had me fortune tould this mornin', and ould Meg said there's a surprise comin'. I wonder what it is—mebbe Bill is going to get work, and marry me! (Laughing)

TERENCE. I am glad you are light hearted, Kitty, and I hope ye will try to make it a bit easier for her—Kathleen, Kathleen, me darlin'! (Turning UP a step)

KITTY. She'll come out here afther a while— TERENCE (turning quickly to KITTY). Here!

KITTY. If ye hide around a bit, ye might see her. I'm sint on an errand, and Miss Dorothy's goin' to a concert, so her ladyship will be alone, and she'll slip out here for a bit o' the moonlight.

TERENCE. The saints bless ye, Kitty, for givin' me this bit o' news—I'll lay down in the bushes over there, and if I can only see her, it'll make me happy for a wek. (Resume song, or music, of "Kathleen" as Ter-

ENCE goes slowly to L. U. and EXITS)

KITTY (long, doleful sigh). Oh worra, worra! 'Tis full o' trouble this whole world is! (XING to R. U.) I hope that fortune teller tould me the truth, and that surprise will bring us all good luck. (Singing a snatch of "Kathleen," she EXITS R.)

When Kitty is well off, ENTER from R. Rody, coming in cautiously, followed by Red Barney, a character of the same type as Rody, repulsive, shabby and evil looking. One man carries a pick, the other a spade.

RODY. Come in wid ye and get to work, or the lady will be here afore her lodgings are ready. Ha, ha! (A short laugh)

BARNEY. The devil a bit I'm goin' to disgrace me

hands with grave diggin'!

Ropy. If ye don't do the work, ye'll not get the money I promised ye. (Drawing some coins from his pockets) There it is—waitin' for ye—ye can suit yourself.

Barney. I'm not a man to break me word. (Taking off his jacket) Where is it ye want to lay the lady?

RODY. Forninst! (Indicating R.) 'Tis a soft bit o' turf an' ye'll have no trouble diggin' it. Ye better move these over a bit, in case we have a time to hould her. (Both men lay down their tools and move the table and chairs R. C. well over R., leaving a clear space for the struggle scene. During this action Terence sings off L. faintly, a bit of the song, "Kathleen."

Barney (alarmed). What's that? (Listening)

Rody. Somebody playin' the organ—give a hand. (Continuing the work of moving the furniture aside.

The song diminishes and finally all is quiet. The men pick up their tools)

BARNEY (R. C.). The divil a' bit I like o' this.

RODY (L. of BARNEY). 'Tis a bad cunschience ye have, and it makes ye narvous—ye'll get used to it bye'n bye. (A step to L.)

BARNEY. I'll take a nip to steady meself. (Drawing

flask from his pocket)

RODY (observing BARNEY). Hould a bit. (Taking flask from BARNEY as he is about to drink) Age before honesty!

Barney (disconcerted). Make yourself at home, but

not too much!

Rody. May ye live till ye die, an' may I have the pleasure o' buryin' ye! (*Drinking from flask*) Ah ha! (*Smacking his lips in satisfaction*) 'Tis a good thing ye brought it. (*Taking another big drink*)

BARNEY. It is-for you. (Watching him in comic

apprehension)

RODY. Will ye have a bit? (Giving the flask to BARNEY)

Barney (taking flask, looking at it, nearly empty).

Ye done well. To meself. (Drinking)

RODY. Have ye a light? (Taking his pipe from his pocket)

BARNEY. I have not.

Terence (off L., speaks softly but loud enough to be heard) Kathleen! Kathleen!

BARNEY (alarmed). What's that? (Putting the flask

in his pocket)

Rody. What's what? (Putting his pipe in his

pocket)

Barney (looking up stage). I heard someone spake. Rody. Ye heard nothin' at all—ye baby! Get to work and that'll give ye courage. (Drawing off his jacket)

BARNEY. Is it here ye want the lady to lay? (Going

to R.)

Rody. It is-start beyont there. (Indicates R.)-

and make a nice deep hole! (BARNEY EXITS R. with his pick. He is supposed to begin digging just off R. Presently, he shovels the earth, and throws it on from R. in a pile. This is arranged by having some fresh earth shoveled from a box off R., and conveys the desired impression. Looking R., addresses BARNEY) Whist! There's someone comin'! (Looking L.) It's the master! (Up near R, looking L.)

ENTER from L. on terrace, Bernard Kavanagh.

KAVANAGH. Who's there?

Ropy. Meself. (Advancing a step) I'm doin' me dooty—ye can see. (Indicating the earth and the spade he holds)

KAVANAGH (advancing a step toward c., veering about

nervously). Yes. You are ready?

Rody. We are.

KAVANAGH. She will be here in a moment—how are

you going to settle her? (Advancing to c.)

RODY. Wid this! (Advancing to R. of KAVANAGH, drawing a knife from his pocket) I found it yonder. (Indicating R.) There's a name carved on it, which is no matter to me. (Rubbing his finger along the blade) I sharpened it on the doorstep this morning, and I shaved meself aftherward to make sure o' the edge. (BARNEY, off R., continues to throw on the earth)

KAVANAGH. Will you do the-cutting?

Rody. O' coorse I will! And a neat job I'll make of it—ye'll hear no complaint from the lady.

KAVANAGH. If she resists?

Rody. I'll pin her arms. Barney there—(Indicating R.)—will cotch her be the hair o' the head, and swing her around to a nice comfortable position, and thin—(Significantly drawing the knife across his throat)

KAVANAGH (turning aside in nervous horror). I can't

stand your graphic description!

RODY. Thin, into the hole she goes—and thin ye pay the rest o' the money on the spot!

KAVANAGH. You shall have it! (Looking L.) She is coming—I'll wait out here. (Going quickly to L.) Don't prolong it any more than you can help. I am not a cruel man, and don't want to inflict suffering. Confound it, it has shaken my nerves! [EXIT L.

Rody (looking after him). Ye'll shake for many a day, me foine gintleman—an' the ghost'll be hantin' your dreams! But that's none o' me business; I'm only doin' the dooty I'm paid for. (Turning to R. to BARNEY) Whist a bit—quiet! (BARNEY stops throwing the earth; Rody looks cautiously off toward the terrace L. Then he EXITS R. noiselessly. Lights well down. Music off at back, very soft—"Kathleen Mayourneen.")

KATHLEEN (speaking off L., softly). Kitty. (ENTER KATHLEEN from L. on terrace) Kitty! (Advancing a step, looking about) No one here—how silent it is! I thought I heard Terence singing the dear old songbut it must have been only my fancy! (Advancing to

L. of C.)

### RE-ENTER RODY from R., advancing to R. of KATHLEEN.

Rody. Good even to ye, ma'am! (Looking at her with an ugly grin)

KATHLEEN (startled at his rough appearance). Oh!

Who are ye?

Rody. Sure I don't think ye'd recognize me name if I was to tell ye.

Kathleen. What do you want? (Stop music)

RODY (close to Kathleen). 'Tis your beautiful self we want. Ye are to be put away, on the master's orders, and it's a hundred guineas we're gettin' for doin' it!

KATHLEEN (in horror). Great heaven! You don't mean that you want to kill me!

Rody. We do. (Quick change to rough manner) Barney, where are ye? Quick wid ye!

ENTER Barney quickly from R., carrying his pick

Kathleen (retreating in terror). No—no! you cannot mean it! Kavanagh is heartless but he would not

have you murder me! I'll not believe it!

Rody. Ye'll believe it soon enough. (Dropping spade, drawing knife from his belt) There's the tool to cut your throat as nice as ye please—stand still, will ye? (Moving toward her)

KATHLEEN. I'll fight for my life! help! mercy!

mercy! (Crying out in terror)

RODY (quick to BARNEY). Get her by the arms! (BARNEY drops his pick and rushes at KATHLEEN, catching her by the arms and pinioning her, KATHLEEN continuing to struggle and cry out) Hould her tight and draw back her head! (Flourishing the knife)

Kathleen (screaming). Save me! Father in

Heaven! save me!

RODY (endeavoring to reach Kathleen). Hould still, ye! It's onreasonable for ye to be actin' like this! It'll be over in a minute! (Advancing toward Kathleen)

Kathleen (loud scream). Help! help! save me! save me! (As Rody reaches Kathleen and the struggle increases, Terence runs in from L. Kathleen con-

tinuing to struggle with BARNEY)

TERENCE. What's this! Are ye murtherin' a helpless woman! (Without recognizing Kathleen in the darkness, he rushes at Barney and strikes him a heavy blow, sending him to the floor. Rody, on seeing Terence, drops the knife c. and picks up the spade to attack Terence. As Barney rolls well over r. he remains motionless, and Kathleen, released, staggers down to l. c., crouching on her knees in terror, her back to Terence) Rody (to Terence, in fury). Ye middlin' divil! I'll

Rody (to Terence, in fury). Ye middlin' divil! I'll knock your brains out! (He attacks Terence with the spade; Terence grabs the spade, wrenching it from Rody. Terence and Rody engage in a desperate struggle, Rody at first gaining the advantage and as the

scene is worked to high excitement Rody is about to strike Terence when Terence gives him the final blow.

Rody falls well up R., remaining motionless)

TERENCE. That'll do the pair o' ye a while, me buck! (Observing Kathleen, crouching down L. c.) Oh, the poor lady! (Advancing a step) Ye needn't be fright

ened, ma'am-no one can hurt ye now!

Kathleen (trembling and terrified). May the saints bless ye, sir, for savin' a poor girl from death! (Rising, facing Terry) And ye a stranger! (The light from the moon strikes across the scene, lighting the forms of Kathleen and Terence)

TERENCE. A stranger— (As the light strikes

KATHLEEN, he recognizes her) Kathleen!

KATHLEEN (recognizing Terence). Terence!

TERENCE. Me own Kathleen Mavourneen! It's you the villains were goin' to murther!

KATHLEEN. Be the orders o' him-Kavanagh-he

paid thim to do it!

TERENCE (in rage). Be the powers o' heaven! I wish I could lay me hands upon him this minute!

### ENTER from L. U., quickly, BERNARD KAVANAGH

KAVANAGH. Is it done? (Advancing quickly DOWN

to L. of C.)

TERENCE (facing KAVANAGH). Kavanagh, ye come at the right time! Stand aside, Kathleen! (Standing c., he quickly passes KATHLEEN to R. of him, and rolls up his sleeves, his eyes on KAVANAGH)

KAVANAGH (DOWN L. of C., quick). Who are you?

TERENCE. The man you robbed of a wife! (Indicating Kathleen) And the man who saved her from your murtherin' tools! There they are, the pair of thim! (Indicating the bodies of Rody and Barney)

KAVANAGH (in rage). What! have you killed them? Terence. I hope so—the grave-diggers! Ye can have the grave for your own evil body—I'm going to sind

ye to it! (He picks up the knife where Rody dropped it c.)

KAVANAGH (in terror). Kathleen—will you see this

scoundrel kill your own loving husband!

TERENCE. She will—ye whinin' scoundrel! your time has come! (He rushes at Kavanagh and stabs him) That blow is for meself—and this one is for Kathleen! (Striking him again with the knife)

# ENTER from R., quickly, Father Cassidy

KAVANAGH (staggering). He killed me—he—killed me! (He falls near c. and Terence drops the knife beside him)

KATHLEEN. Terry! (FATHER CASSIDY advances

quickly to KAVANAGH)

Cassidy. Terry O'More, have you done this? (Picking up knife, looking at it) Your name on the handle!

TERENCE. Ye can charge me with it, but the Father in heaven knows it was a just deed, to save the life of an innocent woman! (TERENCE C. an arm about KATHLEEN—on his R. CASSIDY, near KAVANAGH)

# QUICK CURTAIN

NOTE.—The curtain remains lowered two minutes on Scene I to denote the passing of time. Replace the furniture as it was at the beginning of Act III, remove tools and signs of struggle, leave earth where it was thrown in previous scene. Lights about half down to a dull, cold gray.

Scene II.—Same as Scene I. The curtain rises on a clear stage. If available use organ music at the beginning. Organ off R. in the distance, playing a solemn hymn. Instead of an organ, a phonograph may be used to get this effect, using an organ record. The curtain rises slowly, and the music is continued a few seconds.

ENTER from L. on terrace, Kitty. She comes in slowly, her manner and dress subdued.

KITTY (pausing on terrace). Oh, worra, me heart is heavy as a stone! The saints forgive me—I'm not sorry for the master's death—but only for me poor lady. (ENTER from R. FATHER CASSIDY) Father! I'm glad to see ye! (Advancing) Is there any good news, your Riverence? (The music slowly ceases)

Cassidy (down to R. of C.). I'm sorry there is not,

child. It's the very worst! (Sighing)

KITTY. Sure, don't say that

Cassidy. Our poor friend, Terence O'More, has been condemned to death!

KITTY (shocked). Heaven save us! How could they

iver do that to the poor young man!

Cassidy. The Squire's friends had influence, and Terry had none! Besides, there is no denyin' he killed Kavanagh.

KITTY. It was to save the life of her ladyship—she

would have been in her grave but for Terry.

Cassidy. It's all against Terry.

KITTY. Father, ye know him well—he wouldn't hurt a kitten of his own free will.

Cassidy. I know—he deserves mercy—

KITTY. He's not gettin' it! (Indignantly) I'll go to the jail meself and let him out!

Cassidy. Ye can do nothing! Stay and comfort your

mistress.

Kitty. It'll kill her, your Riverence,—the news will kill her dead! (A step to L. looking off)

CASSIDY. It is very sad. I thought she might like

to say a word to the lad, before—— (Pausing)

Kitty (indignantly). Before they murther him! (Returning to c.) She would—but she's not strong

enough to go to the prison.

Cassidy. I thought of that; the jailer is a kind-hearted man—he belongs to me own parish—he's known Terry since he was a schoolboy, and so he gave me his promise Terry should be brought here to say good-bye to her ladyship.

KITTY. Say good-bye! Oh, the divils! The hathens,

to hang poor Terry!

CASSIDY. Ye better keep civil about it, Kitty. It'll do no good to protest. It's a sad day for us, and all we can do is to pray for his soul.

ENTER, from L. on terrace, Kathleen, very pale, in somber dress, but not black.

KATHLEEN. Father! (Advancing)

CASSIDY. Kathleen, me child. (Advancing a step. KITTY turns up c. as Kathleen and Cassidy advance to meet c.)

KATHLEEN. Terry—where is Terry? (Regarding

Cassidy in great anxiety)

Cassidy. Ye must try to be brave. (Taking her hand in sympathy)

KATHLEEN. I remember—they put him in prison—

it is all me own fault!

Cassidy. 'Tis not your fault, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN (in distress). It is, it is, Father! If I

had niver left me home and come here, Terry would be happy, and so would I! (Withdrawing her hand from Cassidy, weeping softly)

Cassidy. He is coming here to see ye-ye must be more cheerful, unless ye want to make him sadder than

he is.

KATHLEEN. Here! Father! Can I speak to him? (Regarding him eagerly)
CASSIDY. Ye can.

KATHLEEN. I can speak to Terry! the saints be praised! (Clasping her hands in thanksgiving. KITTY, UP C., looks off L.)

KITTY. Here comes someone—yes, it's Terence!

KATHLEEN (in agitation). Terry—Terry! Cassidy. Stay where ye are a bit, and try to keep a brave heart. (Turning DOWN R. of C.) Ah, poor woman! (The organ music is resumed, very soft in the distance. Kitty moves to a position well over R. UP stage. Kathleen R. of C. down stage, looking eagerly toward L. U. Father Cassidy over R. down stage)

# ENTER from L. the Jailer.

Jailer (bowing respectfully to Kathleen). Goodday to you, Mrs. Kavanagh. I'm doing this as a favor to his Reverence, but my orders are that the prisoner

can stop but a few moments.

KATHLEEN (agitated). The prisoner! Only let me spake to him, and I'll bless ye all the days o' me life! (Organ music continued. ENTER from L. TERENCE O'More. If convenient, he should be accompanied by two guards, one on each side of him. They carry guns, and dress in the uniform of the British service, not field uniforms. They remain UP C. stolid, throughout the scene. Terence is very pale, and his hands wear handcuffs with a chain, which is long enough to permit him to raise his arms freely. He pauses UP C.)

TERENCE. Kathleen! (KATHLEEN, overcome as she

observes him, weeps and advances to him) My poor Kathleen! (With arms about her)

KATHLEEN (weeping as she hears the chains rattle).

Oh, Terry! this is my work!

TERENCE. No, darlin', it's me own! Sure, Mavourneen, ye mustn't wape like that.

KATHLEEN. Do you mane they're goin' to let ye go

free? (Looking at him)

TERENCE. No. (Shaking his head mournfully)

Kathleen (in alarm). No! (She retreats a step, which brings her down to R. of C.) What do ye mane?

TERENCE (advancing DOWN C. a step). I took the life of a fellow creature, and him in the midst of his sins, and now I am condemned to stand before the One who reads the heart of every one of us! (Solemnly making the sign of the cross)

KATHLEEN (hysterically). Oh, no, no, Terry! They couldn't condemn ye—your blood would be on me head!

(Weeping as she advances to him)

TERENCE. No, darlin', it was me own rage and the wrong he did ye. (With an arm about her) I loved ye, Kathleen Mavourneen, and I would have died for ye, but now, 'tis all over, only, I hope ye'll not forget me when I'm gone.

KATHLEEN. Oh, Terry, Terry, I can't bear it, I can't

live! (Weeping)

TERENCE. Ye must live, darlin', till your time comes. Pray for me, will ye do that, until we meet again! (A bell tolls off R. in the distance) There's the bell! (Taking her hands from about his shoulders and holding them as the Jailer advances down a step, significantly) I must lave ye!

Kathleen. No—no—they shall not part us—I'll die with ye—— (She becomes hysterical as the guards, at

a signal from the JAILER, fall in line UP C.)

TERENCE. Farewell, Kathleen Mavourneen—I've not long to live, but while me heart beats, it's all for ye. (Looking at Cassidy) Good-bye, Father—ye've taught me patience and courage. Spake a kind word to the

poor girl—her heart's breakin', and so is me own. (Gently releasing Kathleen's hands, she weeping violently) I'm ready now, ready to die like a Christian and a man! (Terence turns up c., taking his place between the guards; the bell tolls louder; the procession

starts off L. U. slowly, the Jailer following)

KATHLEEN (hysterically). Oh, the bell, the bell! the sound of it drives me mad! (Observing Terry going off) Terry—come back to me—come back to your own Mavourneen! (The procession moves toward L. and finally off. Kathleen drops to her knees up C., weeping, her arms outstretched toward Terence as he disappears. Bell and organ continue. Kitty up R. of C. weeping softly. Father Cassidy down R. depressed)

### SLOW CURTAIN

### ACT IV

Scene.—Same as Act I. Next morning. Lights on full; lively music, "St. Patrick's Day." At rise Kathleen DISCOVERED asleep on bench, r. c., with cloak over her, as she appeared at the end of Act I. The music is continued for a few seconds, and the singing of the birds is heard off r. When curtain is well up, Kathleen stirs, and speaks drowsily.

Kathleen (repeating her lines from end of Act III). The bell, the bell! No, they shall not part us. Terry, come back to me, come back to your own Mavourneen! (Opening her eyes) Terry! (Rubbing her eyes) What does it all mane? (Rising a little, more awake) Sure, where am I? 'Tis mighty queer I feel—with the could chills. (Shivering) I thought I was married and about to be killed! (Looking about, her manner bewildered, then she observes the cloak about her) Me cloak! Me beautiful cloak! (Removing it, leaving it on bench, as

she rises to a sitting position) Me ring! (Observing the ring on her finger) I wonder how it came there! I don't understand it at all at all, onless I'm out o' me sinses! (The music of "Saint Patrick's Day" stops, and Terry is heard singing a snatch of the song, or "Kathleen Mavourneen") Terry's voice! If he can sing like that he must be livin'! (Rising, leaving cloak on bench, facing R. U.)

ENTER TERENCE O'More from D. R., singing. Stop bird whistle.

TERENCE (as he enters). Kathleen, me darlin', where

are ye?

Kathleen (joyously). Oh, Terry! Terry himself! Bless your heart and thank the saints! (She rushes to Terry and throws her arms about him. Terence is greatly astonished at Kathleen's action)

TERENCE. Good luck to ye, darlin'—I'm glad ye're receivin' me so warmly. (Laughing as he embraces her)

'Tis a good sign!

Kathleen. Are ye sure ye are alive? (Looking at him, bewildered)

TERENCE. I am that—ye can pinch me an' ye'll hear

me squeal!

KATHLEEN. And they let ye go free? TERENCE. Who'd be afther hinderin' me?

Kathleen. The chains—where's the chains? (Looking closely at his hands)

TERENCE (puzzled). What ails ye?

KATHLEEN. The chains—

TERENCE. Oh! it's change ye mane—the divil a bit I have but a sixpence in me pocket. (Tapping his pocket)

KATHLEEN. Thin—they changed their minds—they're not goin' to hang ye?

TERENCE (astonished). Hang me! Who'd be afther

hangin' me?

KATHLEEN. The hangman, but I pleaded with him.

I saved ye, Terry; I saved ye! (Again throwing her arms about him)

TERENCE (embracing her). Save me again, Mavour-

neen—save me as hard as ye can!

Kathleen (delighted). I'm so glad, Terry—I can't express me feelin's!

TERENCE. Nor I. Sure, 'tis a fine thing to be saved

like this!

Kathleen (drawing back a bit). 'Twas a terrible thing ye did, Terry!

TERENCE. Sure, was it now?

KATHLEEN. And ye'll have to do a hard penance!
Terence. Will I—for what? I niver harmed a man

in all me life!

Kathleen (shocked). Glory be to goodness, how can ye say that!

TERENCE. 'Tis the truth.

Kathleen (shaking her head at him reprovingly). Ah, Terry, Terry, ye'll lose yer soul tellin' stories like that!

TERENCE. Arrah, what do ye mane by accusin' me? Kathleen (drawing back a step). Didn't ye pick up the spade—'twas lyin' on the ground. (She re-enacts the struggle of Act II. Terence watches her in puzzled amazement, as they continue to misunderstand each other, and play at cross-purposes)

TERENCE. The spade? Faith, I pick up a spade every

day o' me life.

KATHLEEN. And didn't ye go at him like that—with all your might! (*Imitating*) And didn't ye hit him a fearful blow?

TERENCE. Well, I might have raised me spade to drive Finnerty's ould mule out o' me path——

KATHLEEN. 'Twasn't a mule ye hit—— TERENCE. Thin it must have been a pig.

Kathleen (looking at him in solemn manner). 'Twas a human him! The sight of it—I can see it before me eyes! (Turning a step aside in horror)

TERENCE. Ye can-'tis more thin I see-and I want

ye to understand that I'd niver be doin' anything so ongintlemany!

KATHLEEN (looking at him, in surprise). Didn't ye

brain him with the spade? (Imitating)

TERENCE. Do ye mane the pig?

KATHLEEN (irritated). 'Tis no pig I'm talkin' about

-well ye know it!

TERENCE. Faith, I don't think a mule has any brains at all at all! (Laughing, as he turns a step DOWN to R. C.)

KATHLEEN (advancing DOWN a step). I don't mane a

mule—I mane, Black Rody!

Terence (regarding her in surprise). Black Rody! The best friend I have!

KATHLEEN. Ye killed him!

TERENCE. I did? Well, thin, all I can say—he's a mighty healthy-lookin' dead man, bekase I met him in the lane beyant not tin minutes ago!

KATHLEEN. Oh, Terry, 'twas his ghost came back to

hant ye! (Drawing back in comic terror)

TERENCE (some impatience). What the divil are ye

talkin' about anyhow, Kathleen?

Kathleen (indignantly). What am I talkin' about? Ain't ye the innocent creature! Ye won't deny that ye stabbed the Squire like that? (Initating the thrust of Act III)

TERENCE (amazed). I did! I killed the Squire!

KATHLEEN. Ye did!

TERENCE. Ye'll have me murtherin' the whole neighborhood if ye keep on talkin' like this!

KATHLEEN. Didn't I see it with me own eyes, and

Father Cassidy accusin' ye?

TERENCE. Ye niver saw me harmin' a livin' soul—I can prove it by his Riverence!

Kathleen. Thin, what was it? If I didn't see ye with me own eyes, thin it must be maddish I am!

TERENCE. I'll take ye no matter how mad ye are, Mavourneen. (Advancing, placing an arm about her,

leading her DOWN C.) I'm not a bit afraid o' ye, if ye are crazy!

KATHLEEN. Do ye think I'm crazy, Terence? TERENCE. Not if ye say "Yer," derlin'!

KATHLEEN. Why should I say "Yes," Terry?

TERENCE. Do ye mind what I was speakin' to ye about?

KATHLEEN. Whin was this?

TERENCE. Yisterday!

KATHLEEN (puzzled). Yisterday! Thin, what's to-

day?

TERENCE. Sure, to-day is to-morry—no, no—I mane to-day is yisterday! (Comic irritation) What the divil do I mane anyhow? Ye're havin' me as loony as ye are vourself!

KATHLEEN. Faith, Terry, I'm that mixed, I don't

know what I'm sayin'-do ye?

TERENCE (with a comic, knowing wink). I always know what I'm sayin'—I've a superior intilligence in me mind, and a wonderful brain-but not for thinkin'!

KATHLEEN (looking at cloak on bench R.). There's me red cloak! that's rale! And there's me ring—(Observing it on her fingers) That's rale!

TERENCE. It is-I'll take it for safe keepin'-seein' ye are so onresponsible. (Taking the ring from her

finger, dropping it in his pocket)

KATHLEEN (looking at table L.). And there's the tay pot—(XING to table)—where we had our tay, and a bit of a cake—where's me father! (In comic alarm) Oh, Terry, where's me father? I hope ye didn't stab him! (Turning to L. door quickly, opening door)

TERENCE. He niver showed himself at the church this

mornin'-and this Saint Patrick's Day!

KATHLEEN (looking off L.). There he is—asleep!

(O'CONNOR off L. snores—loud) Snorin'!

TERENCE. 'Tis somethin' more than sleep that's afther houldin' him in a sweet embrace! (Imitating flask at his lips)

KATHLEEN (a step toward c.). I don't remember

goin' to bed last night!

TERENCE. Whin I went out, ye were on the bench there—(Indicating bench R. C.)—an' the last word ye

said was, "Good-night, Terry, darlin"."

KATHLEEN (puzzled). "Good-night, Terry, darlin'!" On the bench—with me beautiful red cloak over me! (Abrupt exclamation) Terry! (Terry gives a comic start at her exclamation) I know what it manes! I've been asleep!

TERENCE. Ye have—(Disgusted) I don't see any-

thing very excitin' in that!

Kathleen. I must have been dreamin'! (A bit hysterical) Dreamin'! It was all a dream—ye didn't kill Rody—nor the Squire—and they didn't hang ye!

TERENCE. They did not!

Kathleen. A dream! thank the saints! It was a dream! Praise heaven! (Laughing hysterically. Terence moves a step down R. hastily, looking at her in comic alarm)

TERENCE. That'll do-hould yer peace-don't be

tryin' to act too loony!

Kathleen (changing abruptly, to gentle tone). Terry, come here, lad! Are you afraid o' me? (Extending her hands to him) I won't hurt ye—
(Terry, watching her closely, creeps forward, with comic effect) I'll niver harm ye, and it's not crazy I am—

TERENCE. I don't know—but I'll take ye anyhow. (An arm about her) There's no denyin', I wish ye'd lave off that foolishness!

Kathleen. 'Twas an awful dream, and me own fault—goin' to sleep on the bench there, with the door open. I'll tell ye all about it. (Looking at him stead-ily) I don't think there ought to be any secrets between husband and wife.

TERENCE. O' coorse not—a wife should tell her husband everything, but a husband should be mighty care-

ful what he mentions to his wife! (Winking knowingly)

KATHLEEN. Ye are not me husband yet, Terry.

TERENCE. I'm goin' to be, Mayourneen. KATHLEEN (promptly). O' coorse ye are. TERENCE. Well, thin, tell me the secret.

KATHLEEN. 'Tis this-(Producing the letter of ACT I from her pocket) This is a letter from the Squire. (TERENCE takes the letter, looking at it. Bird whistle off R.) I read it, and thin I went to sleep, and thin I had a dream-

TERENCE. 'Twas a nightmare, I'm thinkin'! But now ye are awake—'tis the next morning, the beautiful day o' Saint Patrick—do ye hear the birds—do ye mind I towld ye I'd come for me answer, darlin'!

KATHLEEN. Ye have it—yes, Terry! (Offering her

hand)

TERENCE (taking her hand). Ah, that makes me heart bate like a pump! (Kathleen draws her hand away. Regarding letter) Accordin' to this, the Squire will come for his answer—we'll give it to him without keepin' him waitin'!

KATHLEEN (apprehensively). Promise me ye won't

stab him!

TERENCE. I'll talk to him like the gintleman I am the future husband o' Kathleen O'Connor! (Stop bird whistle)

KATHLEEN. I'll be that ashamed to meet him. (XING to R. in front of bench) But ye'll let me keep me red cloak, Terry? (Picking up cloak and throwing it about her)

TERENCE. If ye're a mind, since it was a present

from Miss Dorothy Kavanagh. ((XING to L. of c.) KATHLEEN. Miss Dorothy! Ah, but wasn't she mane to me—in me dream! I can niver realize it till I see thim walkin' about!

ENTER BLACK RODY from R., pausing in the doorway.

He is still the rough Irishman, but gentle and smiling.

Rody. The top o' the mornin' to ye, Miss Kathleen O'Connor.

Kathleen (turning sharply, displaying the old

alarm). Oh, Rody! Ye're not come to harm me?

Rody (looking at her in surprise). Harm ye? Didn't I know ye since ye were a little grasshopper so high? (Measuring) I wouldn't harm a hair o' your head? Is O'Connor about? I'll go look for him. (Singing a snatch of Irish song, he saunters off L., passing the window)

KATHLEEN. I hope I didn't hurt his feelin's!

ENTER D. R. BERNARD KAVANAGH. His manner as it was in Act I.

KAVANAGH. Good morning, Miss Kathleen! (Ad-

vancing a step to c.)

Kathleen (staring at him). The Squire! Alive! The saints be praised—are ye—are ye well, your honor? (Timidly advancing a step)

KAVANAGH. I never felt better in my life! (Light

laugh)

KATHLEEN (heartily). Oh! I'm that glad to hear it! (She suddenly grasps his hand and wrings it heartily) Heaven bless ye for livin'!

TERENCE (observing KATHLEEN). That'll do I'm

thinkin'-enough is more thin a plinty!

KAVANAGH (to KATHLEEN). Thank you for your

hearty greeting!

KATHLEEN. You're mighty welcome. (Dropping his hand, retreating a step to R. C.) How is your sister? And how's Kitty?

KAVANAGH. Both well. (Glancing at TERENCE)

This is—

KATHLEEN. Terry—don't ye know Terry?

KAVANAGH (to KATHLEEN). You remember I told you I would call this morning for my answer?

Terence. Ye did, and I'm her secretary, and answer all her letters. (Displaying the letter he holds)

KAVANAGH (somewhat disconcerted). Oh, indeed! I

don't think you can answer this one.

KATHLEEN. Go on, Terry-spake out-quick, before

I have another fit. (An eccentric gesture)

KAVANAGH (turning quickly to KATHLEEN). Fit! are you subject to fits?

KATHLEEN (quick, winking at TERENCE). Oh, yis, yis!

Do ye want to see one?

KAVANAGH (quick alarm). No, indeed——

KATHLEEN. I go clean off me head!

KAVANAGH (nervously). Of course, if that's the case, the—the matter is ended. (Looking toward door UP R.)

KATHLEEN (a step forward). Ye don't care to marry

a crazy woman, Squire?

KAVANAGH (fervently). No, indeed!

Kathleen. Well, Terence does—he's not particular—a bit soft himself—about me—so we'll agree beautifully!

KAVANAGH (relieved). I am very glad to hear it,—very! (Grasping her hand, shaking it warmly) I can't tell you how glad I am!

TERENCE. Tell me!

KAVANAGH (turning quickly to Terence, grasping his hand) I congratulate you! (Shaking his hand in

the same vigorous manner) I do, indeed!

TERENCE. Thank ye! (With a vigorous wrench he frees his hand) I don't want to be too hard on ye, so if ye're a mind, ye can give us a snug little farm—a few acres o' land will mane nothin' to ye—and we'd like a few cows, and a pig or two for good measure!

KATHLEEN. Shame on ye, Terry!

KAVANAGH. You shall have them! (Laughing) Gad! I think I'm getting off easy! (Glancing at KATHLEEN, and, in comic apprehension, retreating a step or two UP stage)

Kathleen. Faith, ye don't know how lucky ye are! (Engaged in arranging the cloak about her, as she stands

R. C. DOWN stage)

TERENCE. I don't want ye to give us these things for nothin', Squire, so, if ye'll allow me, I'll present ye with this illegant diamond ring. (Advancing, drawing the ring from his pocket and offering it to KAVANAGH) It's a prisint for ye in return for the pigs and cows!

KAVANAGH. Thank you! (Taking ring) You are

very generous.

TERENCE. I can't help it—'tis me Irish nature!

### ENTER DOROTHY D. R.

Dorothy. I thought I would find you here, brother. (Advancing)

KATHLEEN. Good mornin', ma'am! (Bowing to

DOROTHY)

DOROTHY (UP stage, L. of KAVANAGH). Kathleen! I expected to see you in church this morning, in your new cloak.

Kathleen. Ah, ma'am, ye'll see me there—be the side o' Terry! (Laughing, indicating Terence L. c.)

DOROTHY. Indeed! (Looking at TERENCE) I am delighted to hear it—I shall send you a beautiful wedding present.

KATHLEEN. Hear that, Terry. (ENTER FATHER

Cassidy D. R.) Your Riverence

Cassidy (mildly reproachful). I missed ye from the choir this mornin', Kathleen O'Connor. (Advancing a step down R.) Ye must have been oversleeping yourself this fine day!

KATHLEEN. Forgive me, Father, I'll tell ye all about

it whin I come to confession next Saturday.

ENTER from d. r., Kitty, carrying a small prayer book. She comes in briskly, followed by Bill Button Cap.

Kitty. Faith, your ladyship, ye left your prayer book in your pew! (Advancing to Dorothy, giving her prayer book)

BILL. And I found it! Oh what a villain I am!

(Rody appears outside window c. looking in, till end. Bird whistle off R.)

TERENCE. Are ye wide awake now, Kathleen

Mavourneen? (Advancing to c.)

KATHLEEN. I am. (Advancing to Terry, addressing audience) And I want to give me friends a bit of advice—if ye don't want the nightmare, don't iver go to bed with your shoes on! (Everybody laughs lightly. Music, "Kathleen Mavourneen")

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25 CENTS EACH		
ROCKY FORD. 4Acts; 2 hours	8	9
TOOK I FORD. TACK, Andress	0	0

ROCKY FORD. 4Acts; 2 hours	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 21/4 hours	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts: 2 hours	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 21/2 hours	5	8
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM (15 cents ) 3 Acts: 21/ hours	9	3

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